

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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C.N. ADVICE TO ALL—FACE THE DANGER

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Two

ONE OF KOSSUTH'S MEN

A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY

Old Man of a Hundred Years
Still Walking About His Town

AN EMPEROR'S BOUNTY

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Some time ago there died in a Veterans Home in the city of Budapest a man who was thought to be the last of Kossuth's soldiers.

As it turns out he seems to have been the last-but-one, for news comes of another of those old heroes who is still alive and well, though he celebrated his hundredth birthday last summer.

This gallant old man's name is Michael Geszti, and he lives on the outskirts of his native town of Oradea Mare, which was Hungarian before the war but now belongs to Rumania. Every day he may be seen making his way across the bridge which crosses the railway line, above a puffing and shrieking engine whose first ancestor was born only five years before himself. He carries a little satchel in which he collects his daily meals, gladly given to him by charitable people who have known him all their lives. All day he wanders about the town, returning in the evening to the little vineyard where a poor but kindly couple give him lodging.

A Cage is a Cage

It is by his own choice that Michael Geszti lives in this way. A few years ago arrangements were made to place him in a home, where he would have lived in ease and comfort, sure of a warm corner, good food, and his pipe till his dying day. But he refused the offer, preferring to live by alms as his own master rather than to be kept in comparative luxury without his liberty.

"A cage is a cage," he said, "though the bars are made of free meals and the finest tobacco. I would rather stay where I am and do as I please."

So he comes and goes, with his little satchel and his big stick, in the streets of the town in which he was born, telling anyone who likes to listen of the great days of his youth when he fought with Kossuth for liberty.

The War and the Annuity

The Hapsburgs he fought against did not remain his enemies for ever. There came a day when the Hungarian nation became reconciled with its ruler, and on that day it was discovered that Michael Geszti had a special claim on Francis Joseph's bounty, for he was born on the same day, in the same year, as the emperor, and for this reason a small annuity was paid to him year in and year out until the war drove the Hapsburgs themselves into poverty. Then Michael Geszti lost his annuity for ever.

But he kept something better still, his independence and his spirit of content.

Beach as a Gymnasium



The best place to take exercise is in the open air. These girls of Eversley School at Bognor Regis, swinging clubs on the sands, agree that the beach is the best of all open-air gymnasiums.

THE DOG IN THE SNOW

Some people dislike Alsatian dogs, but nobody dislikes them in the district round Morgins.

Two Swiss Customs officials were patrolling above Morgins with an Alsatian dog when an avalanche swept down and buried them.

One of the men managed to get his head above the snow and struggled free. He found that the dog had dug the snow away from its head, so he helped it out and told it to seek the other man.

It ran to and fro over the snow for a while. Somewhere a comrade was buried, and every moment was precious, but the man did not know where to dig. Soon the dog showed him. It started to dig at a place 100 yards down the slope. Man and dog joined forces, and after a few minutes they got the other man out.

Last year the same dog saved two people from suffocation in the snow.

THE DRIVER AND HIS WHISTLE

Portuguese trains are so seldom in a hurry that a mistake made by the Portuguese stationmaster of Braco de Prata seems quite pardonable.

The train was due out, but the stationmaster had not given it leave to go. He was walking on the track in a leisurely manner, not thinking about it.

Then the engine hit him in the back. The engine-driver had pulled the lever to start the train without waiting for the signal. He did not even blow the whistle.

The horrified spectators saw the stationmaster fall face downward on the track and gave him up for lost, but as the last coach passed that infuriated official up-rose from where he lay, with no bones broken, and with his powers of speech unimpaired.

What he said to the engine-driver does not appear in the account of the occurrence, but the engine-driver will mind his whistle in future.

A BOTTLE CROSSES THE WORLD

From Bath to Wellington

SURPRISE FOR AN ANGLER IN A NEW ZEALAND HARBOUR

The River Avon at Bath had risen and overflowed its banks when, a year ago, February fill-dyke fulfilled its name. The waters rose so high that they covered the fields near the river banks and threatened to flood the houses.

A rushing river suggests adventure, and a boy decided to risk a small one by sending a bottle out to sea. So he wrote his name and address on a paper, placed the paper inside a bottle, and lowered the bottle into the river.

Who can tell what course the bottle took once clear of the Bristol Channel? Across the seas it went, past continents and islands, till ten months later it was picked up by a man who was fishing in the harbour of Wellington, New Zealand; almost it reached the scene of the terrible earthquake which has stirred the sympathy of the world for our little Island Dominion.

A Letter From Afar

On the morning of January 19 the postman brought a letter to the boy who had dispatched the bottle. It bore the New Zealand stamp, and inside was a note from that far country.

"I was in my boat," said the writer, "fishing in Wellington Harbour, and saw a bottle floating in the water. As I have often heard stories of messages being found in bottles I was naturally inquisitive. To my astonishment, on taking the bottle from the water I saw that it contained a note, considerably damaged by sea water but plain enough for me to see that the bottle had been thrown into the River Avon at Bath by you. That this bottle should come all the way from England to New Zealand is absolutely astonishing; I am having it published in the local papers and I hope you will do the same."

It would be interesting to know by what currents the bottle was swept along its course.

It is assumed that it travelled from 12,000 to 15,000 miles.

BULLET-PROOF GLASS

Bullet-proof glass is being made in France. It is good news for Chicago.

This wonderful glass was invented by an Englishman, but a French syndicate has purchased the right to manufacture it.

Two thin sheets of glass are made with a product of acetone pressed between them. When the French Air Ministry tested the glass with rifle and revolver fire nothing happened except a slight flaking of the outer glass. This Acetex glass will be used for tank windows, loopholes, gun-shields, and on aeroplanes, trains, and cars.

THE BABY SHOP

NICHOLAS SZABO AND
HIS BIG BOOK

An Orphan's Idea and What
He is Doing With It

FIVE YEARS OF KINDNESS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

There is a tiny one-roomed shop in one of the quietest streets of Budapest which, if it came into a fairy tale, would certainly be called the Shop of Souls.

It deals only in one commodity, but of that it can offer an infinite variety. And those who come to buy need have no money in their pockets nor a large deposit at their bank; love and kindness are all that they have to be rich in.

The founder and owner of the shop, Nicholas Szabo, has run it for five years without any assistance whatever. He is his own assistant, clerk, and cashier; the risks are all his, and so are the gains, if any. That these gains are not to be counted in cold cash will become manifest before we read much farther; that they content the shopman and fill his heart with a deep satisfaction must be evident to anyone who looks into his kind face and his grave, smiling eyes.

How the Shop Works

The commodity he deals in is children: tiny babies, toddling two-year-olds and little maids of five and six. Some of them are orphans, others are unwanted by their parents, some again are wanted but must be parted with through poverty.

There are great numbers of people in the world who, having no children of their own, are longing to adopt them, and it is for these that Nicholas Szabo has set up his shop. They come to him and tell him their wants—boy or girl, dark or fair, a baby in arms or a toddler; and he opens his big book, runs his eyes over the entries, and gives them an address where they will find what they want. If they like what they find they can take it home with them, but they are not bound to abide by their choice. If, after a week, a month, or even a year, they find the child a disappointment, or if their own circumstances change so that they no longer want a child at all, they can return it to the owner of the shop and no words are said about the matter. Which, of course, is very convenient indeed.

Nothing to Pay

There are no fees to be paid. The Rev Nicholas Szabo does what he does for love, not for money. And love, as we have said, is all that he requires from the purchasers. Nor is there anything to be paid to the parents. Those who hope to make money out of the sale of their children are not the sort of people wanted at this shop.

In the past five years two hundred babies have been placed in better life conditions by the efforts of this good man—babies who otherwise might have died or grown up in slum dwellings or loveless homes. At present he has a thousand entered in his big book, but he has no fear; he will be able to place them all.

What, one is tempted to wonder, gave the impulse which set this good work going?

The fact that Nicholas Szabo was an orphan himself, brought up by foster-parents who were good to him and whom he loved, may go some way toward throwing a light on that question.

Over sixty towns have now been supplied with three-light automatic signals for road traffic.

The King is setting apart two or three acres of his Norfolk estate for the experimental growing of flax.

The Rotherham Education Committee have decided to abolish Empire Day in favour of Peace Day.

FACE THE DANGER

And Walk Left

It is good to know that there is a growing feeling everywhere in favour of the simple rule the C.N. has always advocated of *walking on the left*.

Everywhere the traffic problem is discussed as if it were a problem of the road alone; but the truth is that nothing would save more time in the streets of our cities than the application of the rule of the road to the pavement. *We should walk to the left as we drive to the left.*

The universal rule of safety in whatever situation we find ourselves in life is to *face the danger*. It is so obvious that it needs no emphasis. The danger we see in time may be avoided or overcome; the danger that comes to us from behind will probably be too much for us.

Pavement Discipline

Could anything be more ridiculous than the confusion seen every hour of the day on the pavements of our streets? Life would not be possible for an hour if the same confusion existed in the road. We jostle each other and spend half our time in getting out of one another's way. It would take us twice as long to walk through the Strand on Monday morning as on Sunday morning. Why is it that the hundreds of thousands of people for ever walking about London are always colliding with each other, wasting one another's time, spoiling one another's temper, hindering one another's lawful business?

It is because no attempt has ever been made to discipline the pavement as the road is disciplined.

It is absurd to say that it cannot or need not be done. The need for it is plain to all who have eyes to see. The ease with which it could be done is equally plain. There is nothing in the argument about looking in the shops. Those who stand looking in the shop windows stand at the windows, and it is easy to nip through the stream of walking people anywhere.

Save Time and Be Safe

What should be done is that a line should be left for window-gazers, and the rest of the pavement should be left for people walking up and down, and all these people should *walk left*.

The result of this would be that those who loiter on the pavement would be free to loiter, while those who wish to get along would be free to get along. And always those nearest the kerb would be facing the traffic. There would be no risk of their stepping into the roadway and being knocked down from behind. If we walk on the left of the pavement we are facing the traffic which is coming on the left of the road. It is the easiest rule in the world to keep, and it is the safest. We are facing the danger all the time.

We have so far been speaking of roads which have pavements, but unfortunately there are thousands of miles of country roads that have no pavements, and here the rule is not simple; but it is perfectly plain if the idea of facing the danger is kept in mind.

On the Country Road

The rule on a country road that has no pavement should be to *walk to the right and face the danger*. Always facing the danger is safest and best. It is better for the walkers and better for the motorists. Each sees the other.

Walking on the left of a country road we have no sight of the approaching danger behind us, and may suddenly be startled into stepping the wrong way. The motorist coming up behind is not sure if we know of his approach or of what we shall do, whereas a motorist approaching walkers face to face knows that they must see him.

We must see the danger coming on and not expose ourselves to be surprised by danger behind. *No traffic can take us unawares if we walk facing it.*

WHO SHALL BE KING

OF THE CASTLE?

78 Governments in
61 Years

By a European Correspondent

The 78th Government of France came tumbling down the other week. Who shall be king of the castle? The 79th Government is now in power. For how long?

In the 61 years of the French Republic there have been 78 Governments. In this two things are remarkable: that France ever gets anything done at all, and that whenever a Government falls there is a mad scramble for office.

In the midst of these ever-recurring political storms there is one ship on the water which seems able to weather all the storms and to continue on its course. The name of the ship is Peace and Goodwill, and it has a great pilot on board. His name is Aristide Briand.

Throughout all the confusion the man who counts is M Briand. He is always there, but refuses to be Prime Minister. He has been Prime Minister twelve times and he is tired of it. It would simply distract him from his work of keeping Europe out of serious trouble.

All Eyes on M Briand

Who keeps France calm in spite of rumours and fears of danger? M Briand. Who curbs the jingoes who would arm France to the teeth? M Briand. Who persuades Poland to agree to a reasonable climb-down after oppression of Germans in Silesia? M Briand. Who is working for disarmament, but, knowing that it cannot come by a frontal attack, is trying to turn the flank by a European Federation Scheme? M Briand. To whom does the President of the French Republic turn for advice again and again? M Briand.

All eyes are on Briand, and when he shows signs of anxiety Europe asks of what he is afraid? He has no immediate fear of war, but he is wondering whether the economic troubles of Europe are not driving more than one country into the hands of Bolshevism.

It was M Briand who said at the last assembly of the League:

Whatever anxieties we may feel I can assure you that, so long as I am where I am, there will be no war. I cannot allow the human race to suffer again as it has suffered in our lifetime.

INQUISITIVE PETER

Or All's Well That Ends Well

A cautionary tale comes from Cologne of a boy who shut himself up in a safe while peeping and prying.

Inquisitive Peter found the safe, which his father had bought from a friend at Dusseldorf, lying open to inspection, with the key beside it, in his father's private office.

Peter thought it would be a pleasant game to lock the safe and then unlock it. It was a mighty big safe. Just as he had taken the key in his hand his father's footsteps echoed down the passage. Not quite sure how his father would take his little game, Peter stepped into the safe with the key in his hand, and pulled the door to behind him.

It locked itself with a clang. Peter was shut in. He soon let his father hear that, but there was no key. The father was in despair. Not knowing that there was a ventilating hole in the steel he was afraid his inquisitive boy would be suffocated.

The father might have sent for a locksmith, but he feared it would take too long for a locksmith to break in. Then he remembered that the friend at Dusseldorf had a duplicate key. He rushed to the telephone and found the friend, who chartered a taxi and came with the key all the way from Dusseldorf.

Peter, a very frightened boy, was set free none the worse in body, and perhaps the better in mind, for his painful lesson.

KA

THE SPIRIT THAT WATCHES IN VAIN

A Living Host to Look After
the Dead Pharaohs

THE IMAGE AT THE WINDOW

The oldest stories in the world are Egyptian, and brilliant translations of some of them have been made by Sir Flinders Petrie.

One of the most astonishing of them all centres on the Ka, the spirit supposed to inhabit a figure left in the tomb to represent the dead Pharaoh, or whoever it might be.

We know practically all there is to be learned about the religion of Old Egypt, yet rich additions to knowledge have now been made by Dr Reisner, who has worked for 33 years in Egypt and made many brilliant discoveries.

A Thrilling Experience

It must have been a thrilling experience for him last month to lecture before the notabilities of Cairo on the faith and rites of their ancestors in the days when the Pyramids were rising. According to the report of his lecture he showed how, to the Egyptian mind, the spiritual life of the Heracleter was an exact reproduction of life on Earth—the Pyramids were dwellings for the spirit; the offerings of food taken regularly to the tomb were supposed to be necessary for the nourishment of the spirit.

The novelty of Dr Reisner's address was his revelation of what amounted to a veritable city given over to a multitude of people, mainly priests, whose sole purpose in life was to minister to the needs of the Ka of the dead Pharaohs and their families. Age after age these servants of the great took their offerings to the city-like tombs for the watchful spirits to eat.

A Hollow Sham

The priests must have known what a hollow sham they were carrying on, for any food which they left for a spirit remained untouched on the morrow. Yet the whole fortunes of the priests were founded on the belief that the spirits ate and drank everything conveyed to them in this way.

In the great rock chamber the carved image of the Ka looked through a window cut in the inner walls to suggest that the spirit watched for the coming of those who brought it food. The priests died, faith waned, and the custom of feeding the spirits ceased. Those today who still secretly share the faith of the Pharaohs believe that the Ka of those proud sovereigns of old-time have watched and waited four thousand years for the succour that came not.

THINGS SAID

By comparison with the American talkie the growling of lions is the sweet sound breathing on a bank of violets.

Mr Ernest Betts

Thank heaven the dailies are printed on a wood-pulp paper that will vanish.

Mr T. Earle Welby

This is the last will of me, Alice Jane Stanley, and may God bless a'l who benefit under it.

From the will of a Brighton lady

The German who complains of the payment he has to make in Reparations is carrying only three-fifths of our tax burden.

Sir Robert Home

Politics have held me ever since I was 19, but occasionally I escape into more delightful realms.

Mrs Snowden

As a rule the motor-cycle is driven by a hot-headed youth without a hat, and everybody hates him. Mr Justice Swift

In the glasshouses at Rothamsted the climate of any part of the world may be imitated. Sir William Beach Thomas

February 21, 1931

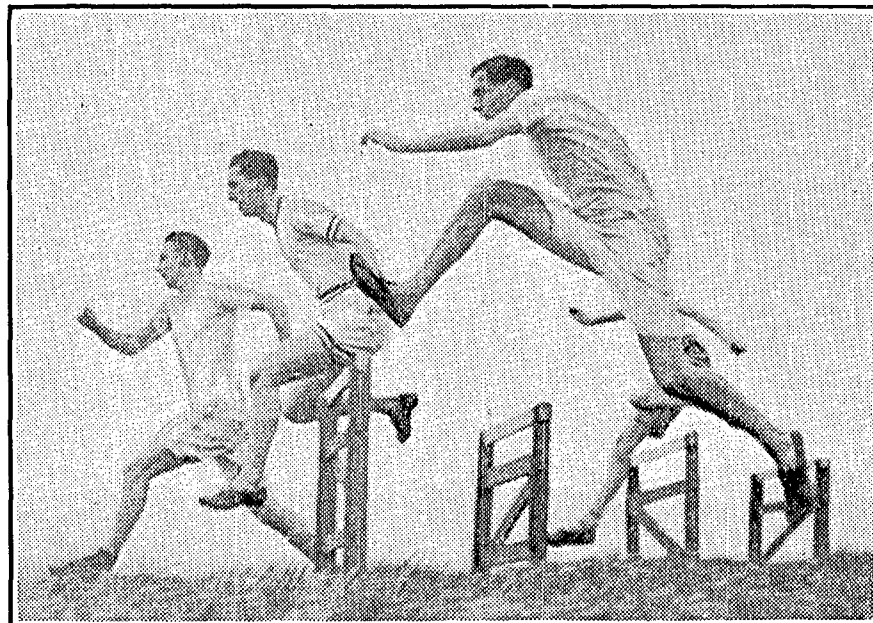
The Children's Newspaper

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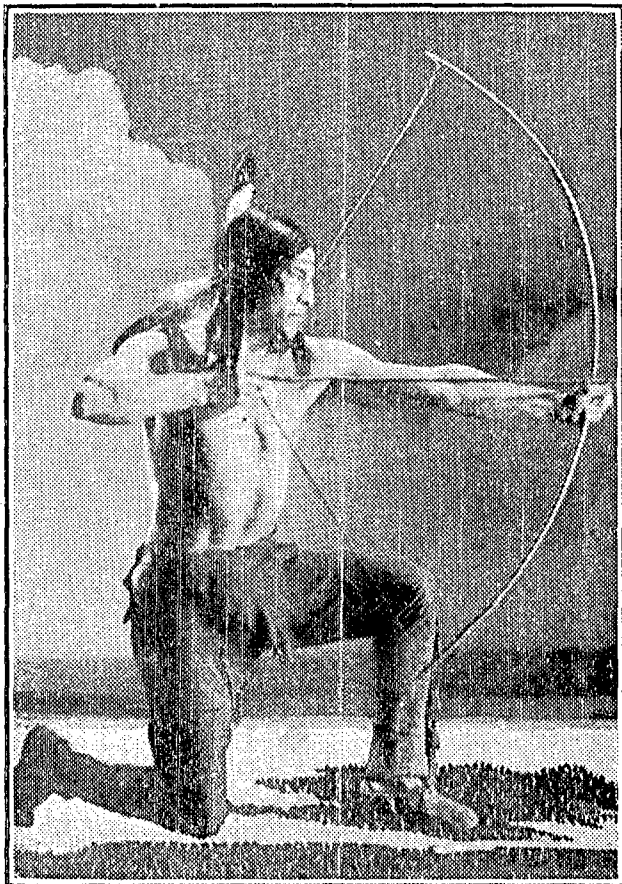
GUIDES IN A WINDMILL • WOMEN ENGINEERS • THE HURDLE RACE



The Gossips—This late afternoon scene in a Yorkshire lane shows some farm hands chatting with a friend while on their way back from work with their horses.



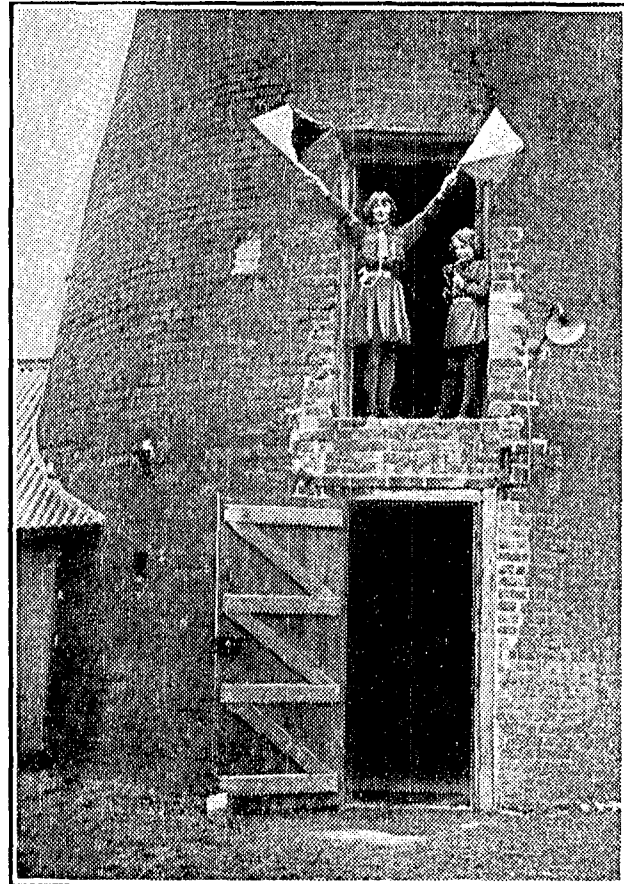
The Hurdlers—Here is a fine action picture showing Oxford athletes clearing hurdles during a race at the University Sports. The different phases of hurdling are well illustrated.



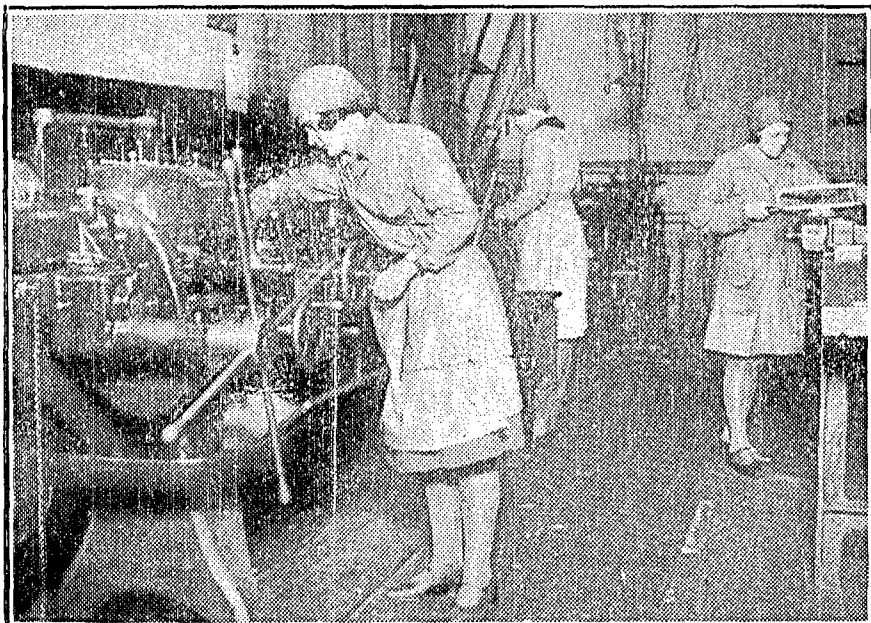
The Redskin—Chief Long Lance, a splendid representative of the North American Indians, is typical of his race at its best. He takes part in a new kinema play acted entirely by Redskins.



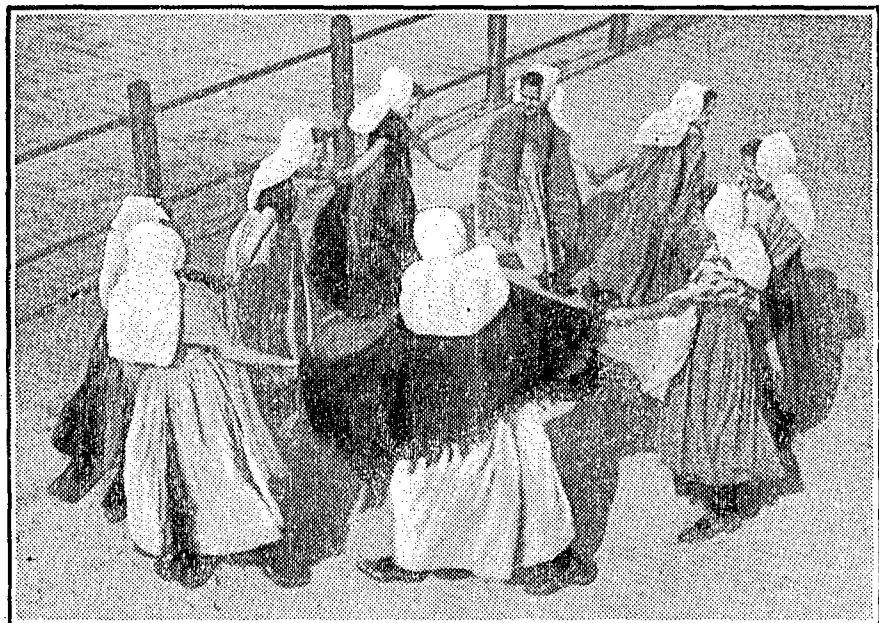
A Thrilling Game—St Dunstan's College at Catford, is one of the few schools where lacrosse is played as the chief winter game. Some of the boys are here seen jumping for the ball.



Novel Guide H.Q.—The Colleshill Girl Guides have converted an old windmill at Amersham into a very serviceable headquarters. Here two of the girls are at signalling practice.



Women Engineers—Here is a corner of an engineering works at Brixton which, it is claimed is the only one in the world entirely run by women.



Ring o' Roses—These little Dutch girls, in dresses very like those of their mothers, are enjoying a game of Ring o' Roses at Volendam, a fishing village on the Zuyder Zee.

SAD DAYS FOR NEW ZEALAND

A Crack in the Earth MOST DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN THE EMPIRE'S HISTORY

A wave of deep emotion has stirred the British Commonwealth at the news that the little Dominion of New Zealand has been sorely stricken.

New Zealand, the Land of the Long White Cloud as the Maories call it, has been shaken to its foundations by one of those earthquakes which, though they have happened rarely since the country has been known to white people, are a part of its geological history and position.

This earthquake was the most violent and disastrous of any that have occurred in the British Empire. It shook down the larger part of two towns, Napier and Hastings, in ruins.

It was calamitous in the injury and loss of life it caused.

The last earthquake in any way comparable to this in the North Island of New Zealand was that which destroyed the famous pink and white terraces of Rotorua and buried a wide district under the outflow of volcanoes that suddenly burst into activity. But the loss of life in that outburst was small.

The Volcanic Region

Rotorua and its neighbourhood seem still and always to be the crust of a boiling subterranean cauldron, but Napier and Hastings, and the neighbouring villages which overlook Hawke's Bay, are on the other side of the range. They are in a fertile country of rivers and woods which seemed to be secure and quiescent for all time.

But the whole of the North Island's volcanic region, which includes snow-capped Ruapehu with a warm crater lake at its summit, and the quiescent Ngaurahoe and Tongariro, is over one of the lines of weakness of the Earth's crust. It is between the great uplifted land areas of the Antarctic and Australian continents, with a Pacific Ocean or a Southern Ocean between itself and these continental blocks.

Nearly all the volcanic and earthquake areas of the world have two land segments on one side and two ocean segments on the other. They stand at a "four cross-roads" of the globe and must always be liable to small or great Earth movements, though the great ones may be far separated by long intervals of years. *See World Map*

FLOWERS WHILE YOU WAIT

What We Can Do in the Electric Age

In the murky days of an English February the gardener can encourage English flowers to spring up in rivalry of the violets and mimosa which come from the South of France. He turns on the electric light.

This has been done at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park, where daffodils will bloom in a few hours and tulips spring up in time for the dinner table if ordered in the morning.

But the light is not of the kind which most households command by turning on a switch. It beams on the tulips and the daffodils and arum lilies from rooco candle-power lamps. They have been installed by Viscount Fitzalan, not as a luxury but as a commercial proposition for forcing blooms in England to compete with foreign supplies.

Electricity on the farm we know, and have received many reports of its usefulness; but when the pylons are all up and electricity is cheap the English horticulturists may grow all the flowers we want in winter in their own greenhouses. Violets will be produced to order by ultra-violet rays.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE

WHAT IT IS LIKE

A Walk in a City With Wobbling Streets

THE ROCKING TRAMCAR

By a Mexico Correspondent

One of our correspondents in Mexico sends us this impression of what it is like to be in an earthquake, though in this case the earthquake was not so terrible as that in New Zealand.

It was ten minutes to seven in the evening. My wife and I were walking to our house.

My wife complained of a feeling of dizziness, and I had just begun to feel it. We wondered if it were due to something we had eaten; then we concluded that it was the altitude of Mexico City (7500 feet) which was responsible, and that it was time for us to take a trip to some town nearer sea-level. Suddenly we found ourselves swaying from side to side, and we understood.

Cracks in the Road

It was an earthquake. The ground wobbled under our feet, and we all but fell several times. I edged my wife away from the houses and we got on to the asphalt road. There we could hear faint crackling noises and saw seams opening up in the asphalt in hundreds of places. These cracks pulsated, widening and narrowing in rhythm with the earthquake waves. Lamps in the houses were swinging in wide circles. Walls were cracking and grinding, and the buildings were swaying to and fro. Pedestrians were lurching absurdly.

At my side I found an old woman looking fearfully up at the sky, her hands clasped as she muttered feverish prayers. Other people were kneeling and crying on God for protection. Buses were stopped and some were performing strange antics. Electric street cars rocked up and down. Then all the city lights went out; the electric company had cut off the current to prevent fires.

Volcano From the Ocean Bed

I tried to think of Professor Wegener and his continental displacement theory, but I remembered that we had left our fox-terrier Rip locked up at home, and wondered how he was. We found, on returning, that though everyone had had a bad scare and the dog had howled and the doors had banged no great harm had been done.

The next morning the papers were full of earthquake headlines. The intensity of the earthquake had been of the sixth degree, the ninth degree being the maximum for earthquakes. It had shaken half the States of the Republic and had spread into Guatemala. Opposite the Mexican Pacific port of Mazatlan a volcano was reported as having risen from the ocean bed, blowing out water and vapour; but, thanks to the fact that Mexico City has a soft spongy subsoil, no great damage or loss of life occurred.

As I write these words, at 12.20 p.m. on January 16, a minor earthquake is gently swinging the lamps in my room, but only a few people are troubling to go out.

A STROKE OF LUCK?

Or a Stroke of Pluck?

A telegram from Johannesburg states that two prospectors named Du Toit and Botha had a strange stroke of luck the other day. But was it luck?

They had been working in the diamond fields without success for many months, and had only ninepence left. After working all the morning on January 31 they were so hungry that they recklessly spent the whole ninepence on food. Having eaten their capital, they set to work afresh, and that afternoon unearthed a diamond weighing 200 carats, the largest ever found in the Lichtenburg diamond fields and larger than the famous Kohinoor. But the diamond did not dig itself up. *See World Map*

THE DEAR OLD LADY

She Had Great Possessions

An old lady of 76 has lately gone out of the world as quietly and unostentatiously as she had lived.

A bicycle went whizzing down a street in Warsaw, a shabbily-dressed old woman failed to hear its bell, there was a collision, and the woman was left lying in the road. That was all the bystanders knew for the moment.

But when the body was conveyed to the police station it was discovered that the shabbily-dressed old woman was Princess Maria Radziwill, a very great and wealthy lady who for years had been spending enormous sums on churches, schools, hospitals, and orphanages.

A Woman of the People

Her purse had been open to everyone who needed it, except herself. It was revealed after her death that this rich lady had possessed only two pairs of shoes, three dresses, and one winter jacket. Her daily nourishment had consisted of a roll in the morning, a chop in the middle of the day, and a cup of coffee in the evening.

It is thought that defective nourishment may have had a good deal to do with her sudden death, but it is doubtful whether it would have been any use to warn her that she was undermining her health. One who was so little attached to the good things of this life probably held life itself of little account. Two years ago she wrote her will with her own hand, beginning with the words, "I wish to be buried without pomp, as a woman of the people."

OLD KNIGHTS PUT ON THEIR ARMOUR

The Brave Men of Boulmer

A fine thing was done at Boulmer in Northumberland the other day. It recalls the days of chivalry, when a company of old knights who had long ago declared that their day was done left the fireside and put on their rusty armour for some good cause in peril.

The fishing fleet was out when a storm sprang up. There was grave anxiety for the fishermen's safety, and experienced men said that the lifeboat should go out.

But every member of the lifeboat crew was at sea with the fleet. There was no one to rescue the rescuers.

Then old man William Stephenson spoke up. He had once been a lifeboat coxswain, and he was willing to take the boat with a crew of volunteers. They were soon forthcoming, but it was with motor mechanics, builders' labourers, and a few old men that old Coxswain Stephenson set out on his brave adventure.

They found the fleet and, after a two-hours battle with heavy seas they all came safely to harbour.

RAILWAY CONTAINERS

Remarkable Success

It is three years since the British railways introduced the truck for road or rail called the Container, which enables goods to be transported without the waste and labour of transferring them from a railway truck to a road lorry. Such great progress has been made that, whereas in 1927 there were only 506 of these containers, there are now 4400.

Not only such materials as stone, but groceries, confectionery, hardware, furniture, meat, textiles, fruit, and vegetables are conveniently carried in these containers. In one case, we are told, some building stone was taken straight from the stone quarry to the third storey of a building in course of erection.

The container service has spread to foreign countries, and is a real help to the trader.

A STRONGHOLD FALLS

500-MILE MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT

Italy's Conquest of the Warlike Senussi Tribes

ONE MORE BLOW AT THE SLAVE TRADE

After a long and arduous march over desert sands hundreds of Europeans have fought a battle and rested their weary limbs under the date palms of the fertile valley of the Kufra oasis in the heart of the Libyan desert, an oasis which no European was known to have reached before 1879 and which only a few adventurers have seen since.

The recent capture of Kufra by the Italians and the defeat of the Senussi, whose central stronghold it was, mark the end of a series of operations which may be said to have begun during the war. The powerful Mohammedan sect of the Senussi sided with Turkey and Germany, and was only subdued by the British and French with great difficulty.

A Waterless Desert

The country the Senussi inhabit has been less explored by Europeans than the Polar Regions for it consists of oases to the West of Egypt surrounded by waterless desert. The capital, Taj, lies in the Kufra oasis, and this part of North Africa had been assigned to Italy by treaties.

The march of two Italian columns from the Mediterranean coast 500 miles to the south has been a miracle of organisation and endurance, for no roads and little water existed on the route. The task of subduing the Senussi was essential, for this strict Moslem sect was hostile to all civilising influences, and in the past, at any rate, was engaged in the slave trade from Central Africa, Kufra lying on one of the slave routes.

The Italians have announced that they will respect the austere religion of the conquered tribes, but the people must not hold the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, but must become at peace with their neighbours.

LEAVE YOUR TICKET IN THE BOX

The C.N., having so firmly recommended people to leave their tickets in the bus, congratulates the public on taking good advice.

The London General Omnibus Company, after a period of experiment in endorsing the C.N.'s policy, has now carried out another idea we have often urged. They are putting boxes for tickets on all their buses, so that passengers need not litter the floor of the bus.

That was always the C.N.'s hope and expectation, though objectors protested that the boxes would not be used. We are convinced that they will be used. Now that the public mind is being educated the public will use the ticket boxes, saving the streets and the buses too, and one more victory will be won against the litter lout.

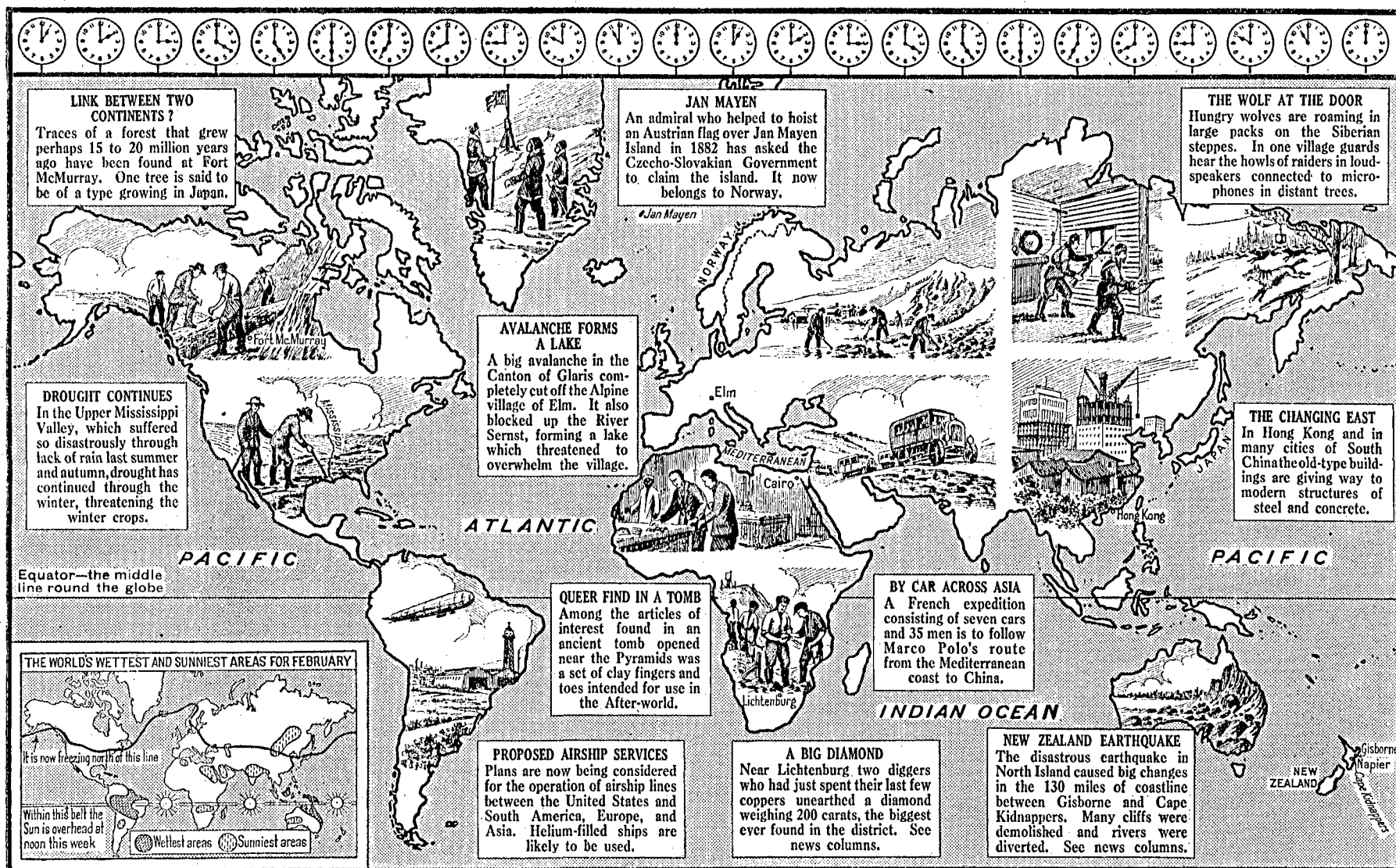
A SMILE AND A SIGH

Mr Justice McCordie made the Authors' Club laugh and sigh the other day. He was the club's guest, and instead of singing for his supper he made a speech about lawyers.

His hosts laughed as he told of Lord Chancellor Westbury, whose horse bolted and who said to his coachman: "If there is going to be an accident, for heaven's sake drive into something cheap." They sighed as he told them that when Charles Dickens was 32 a boy of 13 was executed for a small theft.

It is staggering to think that such a frightful sentence should have been passed at Maidstone Assizes only 87 years ago.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE ICE AGE IN THE PANTRY

Freeze More Food

A new Ice Age is setting in with better methods of freezing food. The pea will be one of the first of its products.

Frozen peas are to be added to dinner tables already furnished with frozen lamb, beef, and salmon, but the vegetables will be frozen in a different way from that applied to the meat.

The peas will first be lightly boiled before being frozen. This method prevents the fermentation in the vegetable tissues. Consequently, when the peas are taken from cold storage and cooked for table they will look and taste as when they were first shelled and put into hot water.

It sounds quite simple, but this discovery is of great importance in preserving peas and other vegetables because not only can they be kept for months at a time, but their original flavour and appearance are preserved. In hotels and restaurants which have refrigerators, or in ordinary households which are acquiring them, vegetables can now be preserved both in and out of season.

The tinned pea, flavourless and indigestible and suspected of artificial colouring, may disappear altogether.

This new departure in freezing food is one of several which have been found by experiment. Another is that of the advantage of freezing quickly and thoroughly at low temperatures instead of slowly and slightly. Fish thus frozen keeps its flavour better. The science of food freezing is only in its infancy.

FORCING A CHIMNEY ON THE COUNTRYSIDE

A red brick chimney 80 feet high is threatened on one of the beautiful roads into Bath, and the rural district in which it is built has never been consulted.

Can a country be really democratic where such a thing is possible?

THE NANSEN OFFICE

Carrying On His Work

By Our Geneva Correspondent

What's in a name? There must be very much in the name of Nansen for thousands of people today, and it was a good thought that gave it to the new International Refugee Office, which is to carry on the refugee work hitherto done by the League of Nations. This Nansen Office now exists apart from the League, responsible for its own activities but reporting each year to the Assembly.

Though the pressing need is happily passed, a great deal remains to be done, and the Office is fortunate to have at its head Dr Max Huber, of Switzerland, former president of the Court of International Justice, whose aim it is to carry on the fine tradition of Nansen's work.

This office deals with matters concerning Russian, Armenian, Assyrian, and Turkish refugees. The Settlement Commission for Greek Refugees also passed out of League hands at the end of last year, and the work was formally transferred to the Greek Government. The Greeks regard this work of organising the settlement of over a million penniless refugees as one of the finest pages in the League's history.

ARGENTINA GOES AHEAD

It is a remarkable fact that while migration to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa almost ceased during the depression of 1930 the number of immigrants in the republic of Argentina fell only slightly.

In the first ten months of 1930 Argentina gained 89,000 immigrants as compared with 99,000 in the same period of 1929.

The rapid growth of Argentina continues, and it is wonderful to think that before many years have passed this fine country will have as many people as Spain, or as many as England had in the middle of the nineteenth century.

THE COLOURS

Easy Names Wanted

Plain red and yellow, which the old countrywoman preferred to all those gaudy colours, can be told by everybody; but the scores of new tints which have come on the market from the coal-tar dyes are hard for anyone but experts to distinguish and name.

The British Colour Council has decided that the time has now come to give names to all the colours the dyers use. The Council will collect information from everywhere so that a colour which has been given a certain name shall be recognised by it all over the world.

For example, there are among the blues such colours as Navy blue, indigo, saxe blue, Prussian blue, turquoise, Cambridge blue, and at least half a dozen more. The range of purples and violets goes on to lavenders and lilacs. There are, in short, hundreds of colours with national, local, and invented names for which a single and unchanging standard name is wanted.

THE THINGS THE WORLD LACKS TODAY

By Dean Inge

Do we not see that our civilisation is threatened by the chaotic motives that sway the actions of men—by excessive love of pleasure and amusement, by aversion from hard work, and by acquisitiveness, with the bitterness and jealousy which it fosters?

I should be the last to deny that there are many good features in our civilisation, notably the really civilising influence of some of the great discoveries, especially broadcasting, which puts the results of science, learning, and art within the reach of everybody, and widens immensely the mental horizon of at least half the population.

The blight of secularism and triviality is over it all. It just lacks the idealism, the aspirations, the heroism which earnest conviction only can inspire.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N.

Magic Spectacles and Lifelike Pictures

HOW TO MAKE SURE OF GETTING THEM

How do you see a picture? No matter how well printed it is a picture appears flat when compared with the original scene, in which figures and objects in the foreground stand out boldly and the background falls away and takes its proper place.

This natural effect can never be obtained with pictures printed by the ordinary methods in use today. With next week's C.N., however, we propose to show our readers how pictures may be seen with a wonderful lifelike effect.

Each copy of the C.N. will contain a sheet of interesting pictures printed in a special way. Also with every copy there will be given a pair of Magic Spectacles. When the pictures are viewed through these Magic Spectacles they will appear to stand out with wonderful stereoscopic effect. Further sheets of pictures will appear in the following issues of the C.N.

We feel sure our readers will be very interested in these unique pictures and the Magic Spectacles, and we suggest that an early order be given for the C.N. in the next few weeks.

THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS LOST BY STRIKES

In the first thirty years of this century the loss of work through strikes in this country has been nearly 5000 million working days.

If the wages of the workers involved were 5s a day the wage loss would be over 1200 million pounds; and the total loss to capital and labour is thought to have been about 3000 million pounds.

A Dorset farmer, in his will, has asked his son to keep all the young trees free from injury.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 21 1931

Stop This Talking

We know that there are ten million men dead who might be alive. It is said that there are no fewer than twenty million men idle who might be at work.

Is it not time to stop talking about all this?

UP toward Three Millions goes the number of our idle folk. We shall soon be paying for unemployment at a rate approaching £150,000,000 a year. It is three-quarters of the national expenditure before the war. Also, let us note, we have already paid out since 1918 the enormous sum of about eight hundred million pounds merely to keep people in idleness.

No sensible person believes that this is right, yet we go on doing it. We live in a Fortunate Island, but no good fortune can withstand such wanton waste of labour as this.

It is not, of course, that we grudge the unemployed man his benefit. What we grudge is that we should be paying people to be idle instead of paying them to work. It is not good for people to be kept idle, and it is just as important for the unemployed as for the nation that work should be found for them.

Wherever we go we see things that need doing. If we travel on the railway we find it drawn by obsolete locomotives; and we want to know why our railways are not electrified. If they were, apart from other advantages the change would give work to a great army of men.

We go into a big station and find it dirty and dilapidated. Why are bricklayers and carpenters and painters not set to work to make it fair?

We go into an industrial town and find it full of houses that manifestly require rebuilding. *Why cannot people be set to work to rebuild them?*

We survey the shore and find that the sea still makes her depredations and reduces England in size because so much work needs to be done. *Why is work of such a useful nature not put in hand?*

We think of the good land neglected and wasted everywhere. *Why cannot more opportunity be given for men to make this land productive?*

To put in hand such tasks as these is to set going the wheels of industry. The people employed on them would by their very expenditure call other trades into useful activity.

A great national effort is called for, but it is not forthcoming. A terrible responsibility rests upon those who neglect what so obviously requires to be done, and done at once. It is surely time that our rulers ruled, and ceased to talk so much about it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



As We Can

IT is the four hundredth year of Quentin Matsys, one of the immortal colourists, and it is a good year in which to remember his remarkable signature.

It pleased him to sign all his pictures with the three words *As I Can*, which we may perhaps think of as an echo of the words spoken by Jesus to the woman who anointed Him with precious ointment: *She hath done what she could*.

One of our famous colleges has a motto cut in stone over its gateway which means the same thing: *As much as I can*. Would it not be a good thing for all of us to make it our motto this year? If we do everything *as we can*, or give to everything *as much as we can*, the world will be all the better for us all.

Our Motherland

IT is good news that the Surrey County Council is to seek powers to check the spoiling of the countryside, but it is bad news that the Surrey Landowners' Association should be objecting to these powers.

We wish every success to any public body trying to stem the stream of ugliness that pours itself along our new main roads. If any sin is unforgivable this is, for it is the ruin of the beauty of our Motherland by those who love her least.

Look Both Ways From Westminster Bridge

WE read that a committee is working at high pressure to complete a report on the Charing Cross Bridge Scheme by the end of March.

We earnestly hope that it is a Very High Pressure Committee. There has been nothing much more scandalous than the throwing away of three years of precious time on one side of Westminster Bridge while on the other side a slum has disappeared and some of the finest buildings in Europe have been put in its place.

Why should public enterprise dawdle when private enterprise is moving on? There is a wonderful lesson to be learned by those who will stand on Westminster Bridge and look both ways and think of what has happened in the last three years. Earth has not anything to show more remarkable, as Wordsworth nearly said.

What You Can Do

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

Ellen H. Gates

A Job For a Sheffield Boy

SHEFFIELD is rightly jealous of its good name. We believe it spends thousands of pounds every year in protecting it.

Would it not be worth while for one of its bright schoolboys to be invited to pass the announcements on its goods before they are sent out?

One of the finest firms in the city has a box of cutlery on which it tells us that its name

is stamped upon all articles of our manufacture and without which none is genuine.

We are quite sure no Sheffield schoolboy would like to see that on the little box in which he buys his cutlery for camp.

Tip-Cat

A POSTMAN was bitten in two places by a dog. He shouldn't have been in two places at once.

IN Glasgow a man stole twenty-three cushions. He wanted a soft job.

WHAT man is descended from is only at best a theory. What he has descended to is unhappily a fact.

THE League of Nations is not the first body of its kind to get into deep waters. Did not Jules Verne tell us of 20,000 leagues under the sea?

THE English people, as a whole, do not like grand opera. Do not think it grand.

THE best teacher,

says a writer, makes boys feel they have done something for themselves. Wouldn't it be better to teach them to do something for others?

WE all have our lucky numbers. And some of us are proud of our figures.

EINSTEIN has a plan to end war. We hope somebody will be able to understand it.

THE transformation of London goes on apace. Yet its inhabitants still go away for a change.

THIEVES, we are told, make a hazardous living. Take things as they find them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

IN three years 240,000 young people have studied Empire geography in the Imperial Institute galleries.

OF 4000 families placed on the land in Canada in five years 3520 have been successful.

JUST AN IDEA

If war should come again, death would rain down from the air on women and children.

Welcome Home

By Our Country Girl

The flower-sellers have come back to Piccadilly Circus.

LITTLE knots of violet,
Little sprays of lily,
Reddest rosebud buttonholes
Back in Piccadilly!
Basketfuls and apronfuls,
Bright as knightly banner,
Cheering London's dusty heart
In the ancient manner.

SOMEONE in an office said
Flower-girls must go packing;
Soon in London's pageantry
Something gay was lacking.
What's amiss? Old London cried,
Ah, I see! some silly
Bureaucrat has sent away
Flowers from Piccadilly.

BRING them back! Old London
roared,
Fierce his traffic thundered,
Nevermore let loveliness
From these stones be sundered.
Iris, tulip, lilac, stock,
Pink and daffodilly
Make a fairy isle again
Here in Piccadilly.

Under the Thatched Roof

By the Look-About Lady

WHAT goes on in the cottage homes of England? The town motorist often wonders.

We happen to have written down an actual conversation we had with a cottage woman only last week, and we pass it on to show to the town-dweller that in these modest thatched houses many beautiful virtues flourish, in spite of comparative poverty and not much learning.

Said Mrs Jones, when we asked after her health one foggy day:

"Well, I ain't never had an heart attack before, but I'm seventy, and I've allus worked hard with ten of them to bring up.

"It came on last Saturday night, and I tried to call my boy Joe, what's the last of them at home. But he's a hard sleeper.

"Next morning I told him when I called him. He was out of bed like a flash. 'You go back to bed, Mum,' he says. 'Don't dare to move till I've got everything ready for you.'

"I went back, and waited till he came up to fetch me; and the fire was burning, and a cup of tea just as I likes it on the table, my best chair put ready, and everything swept.

"In future, Mum, this'll be my daily job,' he said. 'And mind you send Amy Coppice, what's next door, round to the shop for me if you're not up to getting the dinner.'

"It was almost worth while being ill, you see," were the last words of the lady of this cottage as she smiled farewell; and as we happened to meet Joe on the way back we took a good look at his rosy cheeks and his honest blue eyes. A good sort of boy is Joe, and a gentle sensitive lady is that mother of his, who has spent most of her time in making other people's dresses and has had little chance to wear pretty dresses herself.

GETTING THE WORLD TO PLAY CRICKET

LAST MONTH'S SCORES

Some Big Hits Made by the Winning Side

GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY

The great thing in the world is that everybody should play cricket, that everybody should play the game and be fair to one another.

Every day the nations are getting better and better at this game; every month there are new points on the scoring-board. What were the scores last month?

Austria signed a treaty with Hungary for the peaceful settlement of all disputes between them.

China welcomed several officials from the League of Nations who went over from Geneva to help her.

Columbia registered its first treaty for the peaceful settlement of disputes.

Germany and Poland came to an understanding about the sad treatment of the German population now under Polish government.

Good News About Poland

Poland decided to ratify the famous Optional Clause for the peaceful settlement of all disputes.

Poland has also established more friendly trade relations with Germany by ratifying a new commercial treaty.

India started on a new chapter of her long history with great hope of better days.

Ireland came a step nearer to co-operation between North and South through a meeting of two members of the Governments, which has hitherto been found impossible.

An International Refugee Office was established at Geneva to carry on the refugee work which Dr Nansen did for the League.

A council was formed at the Friends' House in London to encourage a better understanding between white people and black people.

Persia made herself a multitude of new friends by lending her art treasures to London.

The League's Birthday

The League of Nations kept its eleventh birthday with a feeling of confidence in itself as the most successful institution in the world.

The four Great Powers of Europe declared that they are resolutely determined to use the machinery of the League to prevent any resort to violence.

A date was fixed for the long-hoped-for Disarmament Conference.

A draft convention for limiting the manufacture of dangerous drugs was drawn up.

All the countries in the League declared themselves willing to help Liberia to reform herself.

International agreements were drawn up at Geneva on River Law.

The League decided to give help to the struggling agricultural countries of Eastern Europe.

Italy declared through Signor Mussolini that she will never take the initiative in starting a war.

The C.N. has no room for the scores against us. It registers only for the Winning Side.

BUYING HOMES

The latest Building Societies return shows that a further advance was made in 1929, more business being done than ever before.

As many as 141,200 persons bought houses through the societies, borrowing nearly £75,000,000 for the purpose. This means that the houses bought by these people must have been worth about £100,000,000, because building societies do not lend more than a proportion of the value of a house.

THE LITTLE RUSSIAN AND HIS PRIZE

WELCOME a newcomer to the crowded ranks of England's champions! Little Max Berkan, a Russian by birth but a naturalised Englishman, has not won his distinction in the air or in the water, on the racing-track or in the field. He has won it in the workshop.

He is Champion Boot Repairer of All England.

The silver cup presented to him at the Manchester Shoe and Leather Exhibition entitles him to write over his shop that he is the first cobbler in the land.

He is proud of his honour, for it is the result of nearly forty years of hard

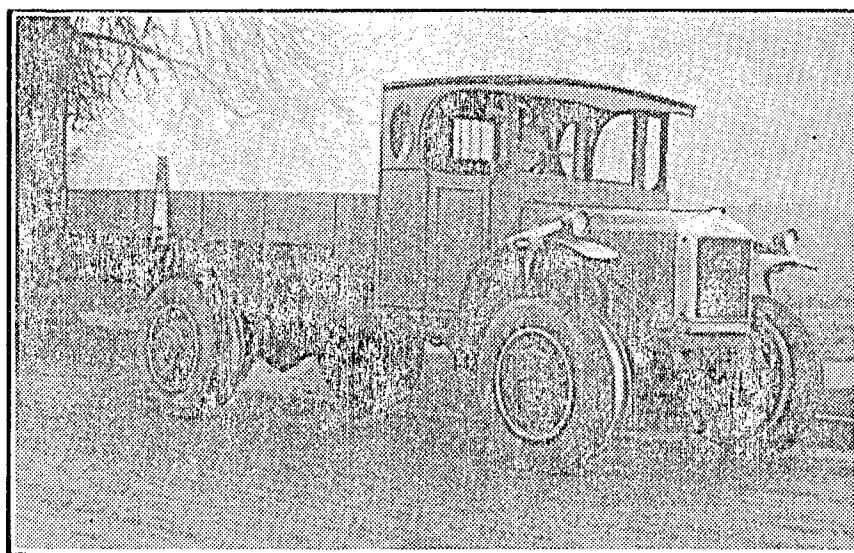
work. He was born 46 years ago on the shore of the Baltic Sea and started cobbling at nine.

Taught by his father, a Russian cobbler, he soon became proficient, and began to travel. He wandered all over the Continent cobbling boots and shoes. Through Germany and France he finally came to England, where he settled.

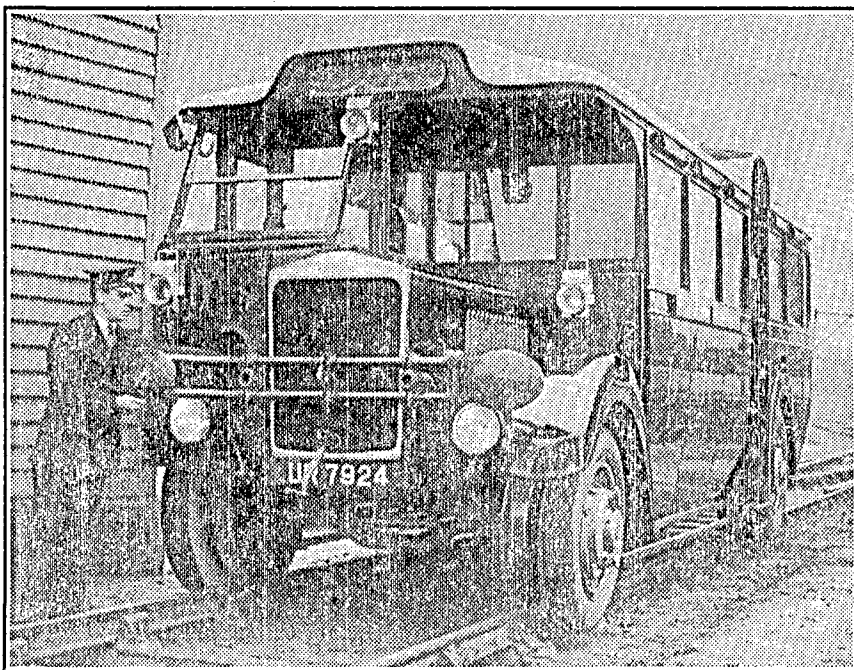
More years of cobbling; then came the war. Max joined up to fight for the country of his adoption.

He cobbled and fought his way through the war until the Armistice, when, as a reward for his services, the British Government granted him free naturalisation.

LINKING ROAD AND RAIL



A goods lorry for road or rail



A motor-coach on the railway

The London, Midland, and Scottish Railway has lately tested a new vehicle, described in the next column, which is fitted with flanged railway wheels and pneumatic tyred wheels to travel on road and railway. In these pictures we can see the double wheels which may revolutionise transport.

SPENDING A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA had such an admiration for its first president, Professor T. G. Masaryk, who cemented the peoples of Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia in one prosperous republic, that when 80 years had rolled over his revered head they collected 20 million crowns for the purpose of giving him a birthday present.

They now have still greater cause for admiration, for Professor Masaryk has given the whole of his birthday present of £122,000 to the cause of making Czecho-Slovakia healthy and wise.

Some of the money will go to hospitals which conduct researches into the diseases mankind has not yet learned to cure. Some is apportioned to the miners who, while digging out the ore at Joachimstal, which supplies radium to the world, fall prey to miner's diseases.

Some other portions of the birthday gift will go to helping education, science, and art.

President Masaryk's birthday gift will leave both himself and Czecho-Slovakia better than he found it.

A VERY BIG TRAFFIC IDEA

WHY NOT TAKE GOODS OFF THE ROAD?

The Wonderful Simplicity of a New L.M.S. Invention

SAVING THE ROADS AND THE RAILWAYS TOO

It is now possible to journey from a house in one village to a house in another travelling in the same coach on both road and railway.

The L.M.S., which is developing with considerable ingenuity nowadays, has made possible something which many an invalid and many a mother with a bevy of children have longed for. The new vehicle, which will solve many problems of personal travel, is a Road Rail coach fitted with flanged railway wheels and pneumatic tyred wheels side by side at the end of the same axle.

A Traffic Revolution

The coach runs along the roads, and at a casual glance appears to be an ordinary motor-coach, but when it reaches a railway station, instead of drawing up outside and depositing its passengers and all their luggage on the platform, it runs right on to the rails, an adjustment is made to its wheels in 40 seconds, and—hey presto!—a motor railway coach dashes away at 50 miles an hour.

Surely it is the beginning of a traffic revolution, with tremendous potentialities for us all. It is not only a boon to the traveller that this new invention is so welcome; the passenger coach has a companion on the sidings, a road-rail motor-wagon which promises such a boon to the manufacturer and merchant that the wonder is no one has thought of it before.

The Motor-Lorry's Success

The motor-lorry, which has in recent years conveyed by road so much produce once conveyed by railway trucks, owes its success to the ease with which it can load up in the yards of a big works and take its load direct to factory or warehouse where the goods are needed.

In the old days a horse wagon took these goods to a railway yard where men loaded them on a wagon; the wagon was shunted and re-shunted, and shuffled from goods train to goods train, and when eventually it reached the railway goods yard nearest its destination more men were needed to unload the wagons on another horse-drawn lorry before they could reach their final destination.

The road-rail motor-wagon will enable the railway to come into full use again for the conveyance of goods, for, after all, the steel lines across the country can resist the weight of heavy loads longer and better than the best made road, and much higher speeds are possible on them than on a public highway.

It would be possible to collect goods from any address, take them to the nearest station, convey them by rail to the station nearest their destination, and deliver them to their address without unloading, doing a journey of 200 miles perhaps with only ten miles by road.

Why Not a Goods Line?

The inventor of these two vehicles has gone a step farther. He has applied the principle of the adjustable wheels to an ordinary four-wheel truck, which, fully-loaded, is now permitted to carry on the road a weight of 13 tons. This truck can be drawn by an ordinary road tractor from a quarry or mine or factory to the goods yard, and can be there attached to the ordinary goods train.

Why should we not look forward to the day when all heavy goods will be taken off the roads and be sent to the nearest station by rail? We have too many railways; one could easily be spared. Why not make one of the three northern lines a goods line only, and so save the roads—and save the railways too?

TWO BABIES MIXED UP

Changing Homes Eleven Years After

A PAGE FROM THE OLD STORY BOOKS COMES TRUE

When the old story-tellers were hard up for a plot they used to fall back on the idea of two babies who were exchanged as infants. The little princess grew up as a charcoal-burner's daughter and the charcoal-burner's daughter grew up as a proud and disagreeable princess. In the end the queen always found her real child.

This old plot was used twice in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, where a nurse confesses:

*Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up
And not a creature knew it!*

Now the story has come true, and posterity will find it in the archives of the city of Cologne.

The Boy at the Circus

On October 24, 1919, two baby boys were born in a nursing home at Muenchen Gladbach. One belonged to Frau Donk and one to Frau Beuth, and both were taken from their mothers' rooms that night so that the ladies might sleep undisturbed. The next morning the babies were brought back, and Frau Beuth said the infant put into her arms was not her son. Everyone told her that she was imagining something absurd. The nurses were quite sure there was no possibility of confusing the babies.

So Frau Beuth was silenced, but only for a time; eleven years later she knew she had been right.

By an extraordinary coincidence she saw at a circus a boy who reminded her of her husband and her eldest son. While he watched the clowns she watched him, with a heart beating quicker and quicker, till at last she was sure, and going up to him she said:

"Is your name Donk?"

The boy said Yes, and wondered why that answer made the lady so excited.

Exchange of Sons

Soon he found that it was because the people he had always loved as his father and mother were not his parents. The two families met quickly, and the Donks, too, were convinced that the boy they had brought up was a Beuth.

They were quite willing to exchange, but life is not as simple as a fairy story. A suit must be brought in the courts.

If the true story had followed the lines of the imaginary story Frau Beuth would have seen her son in the circus ring, cringing before a cruel ringmaster who cracked a whip to make him jump through fiery hoops. But it seems that both boys have been well cared for, and the only sad thing about the story is that each mother will grieve over having missed so many years of her son's life.

A TOWN IN A HOUSE

25,000 Under One Roof

One of the biggest houses in the ever-growing world is the Empire State Building of New York.

It is a huge structure of steel and bricks and is 86 storeys high. About 25,000 people live or work in it.

There are 58 passenger lifts for the 86 storeys and three kinds of express lifts. Some of these lifts run at a speed of 15 miles an hour. The passenger goes up to the nearest stopping floor to his, and then transfers to a slow lift which stops at every floor. Here again, however, he can make the last part of his journey on an escalator, of which there are nearly a hundred.

Six lifts entirely for goods are always in busy use.

FUNDAY

A Day-Book To Laugh With

Funday. By Ho Orleans. (Martin and Company, New York. 12s 6d.)

It may be, Mr Orleans says, that he runs the risk of being told that he is better as a father than as a poet or artist. Our opinion is that if he is as good a father as he shows himself a poet and artist Judy and Julian must be more than satisfied.

Judy aged eight and Julian aged three are the little ones for whom this book was made. It has a picture and a rhyme for every day, and it opens at every page with delightful freshness. We do not say that as a poet or an artist Mr Orleans would have made for himself as good a career as he has made at the American Bar, but we do say that in both these capacities, plus his fatherliness, he has made a book which seems to us exceedingly good for its purpose, and will keep any child quiet (except for laughing) until long after bedtime.

We take this little bit from the poem called Armistice Day:

*Soldiers fight by land and air,
Sailors fight by sea,
But I can think of other things
That I prefer to be.
I'd rather build a bridge or house,
I'd rather print a book,
I'd rather make a ship or plane,
I'd rather bake or cook,
I'd rather farm or hunt or fish,
I'd rather paint or write,
Than spend my days just waiting for
A chance to have a fight.*

Funday is printed from beginning to end without the use of type, and there are crocodiles and monkeys and trees and Zeppelins and little birds and zebras and motor-cars and rainbows and flags and bags to people a whole nursery. We are told that Funday is for children up to 13. That is the only sound reason we have seen for 13 being unlucky, for we should think ourselves unlucky indeed to be too old for Funday.

HISTORY'S LITTLE MYSTERIES

A Man Lost To the World

Who actually brought the cinchona bark to Europe some 300 years ago and what physician first was convinced that the quinine obtained from it was a specific against malaria are mysteries only partially known.

But when the tricentenary was lately being celebrated in London Dr Hooper, who has been chemical adviser about quinine to the Government of Madras, mentioned a mystery connected with it that is odder still.

His predecessor in Madras was Mr John Broughton, who was appointed 64 years ago and did splendid work for eight years. Then he disappeared.

No one knows to this day whether he fell in with a Madras tiger or whether he took ship for New Zealand. If so, he absent-mindedly forgot to say he had sailed; or why, or when. All that can be told is that a man in full possession of his eminent faculties suddenly disappeared and no trace of him has ever been found.

THE WHITE STICK

The white stick of safety follows the white line.

The idea of a white stick for blind men was born in Liverpool last summer and was suggested to the Safety First Council of the city.

Now, in order to avoid accidents to blind people crossing the Paris streets, the blind are being given white walking-sticks to enable drivers to distinguish them from other foot passengers.

The Prefect of Police is issuing orders that motorists must slow down or stop to allow blind people carrying these sticks to cross safely.

THE OLD LADY IN

HER RICKSHAW

And the Umbrella With 100 Painted Babies

The old woman who lived in a shoe could not have had half the family cares of a charming old lady who has just ended her work at Hangehow. She was Miss Matilda Lawrence.

One of her chief possessions was an umbrella with a hundred painted babies on it. They symbolised the hundreds of real children whom Miss Lawrence had mothered. This remarkable umbrella was presented on her eightieth birthday by Chinese friends, and with it they gave her a rickshaw. Little did her parents think, in 1844, when their baby was born in Clapham, that she would live to dash about China in a rickshaw, carrying a hundred babies painted on an umbrella.

Miss Matilda Lawrence was born when the Victorian Era was young, and she grew up a true Victorian, believing with passionate thoroughness in education and the Bible. After teaching in France and England for some years she thought it her duty to go to China, and although it meant travelling by the Cape in those days off she went.

A Hebrew-Chinese Dictionary

For 40 years she carried on a double campaign, teaching ordinary subjects in Chinese schools and preaching Christianity to people in country districts. She did valuable translation work, and produced among other things a Hebrew-Chinese dictionary. The Chinese, who always love a scholar, took her to their hearts, and the Governor of Hangchow invited her to settle in that city.

In her later years she became bed-ridden, but she went on working at her translations, and she may be said to have died in harness in her 87th year.

China has lost a true friend and a most picturesque figure. Many a stranger must have wondered at this old Englishwoman driving in her rickshaw under the painted umbrella, and must have wondered more when someone explained to him that she was a scholar of Chinese, French, and Japanese. Now she will be seen no more, but her work will be seen in the lives of men and women who were once her pupils at the Ningpo boarding-schools.

FIVE GOOD MEN

A House and Its Garden

Council houses, when the contractors have finished laying them out in a row, often strike one as more useful than beautiful, but that is not to be the case with Woking's Council houses.

Their tenants are to be encouraged to beautify them by taking a pride in their gardens. For this purpose five residents in or about Woking have subscribed the sum of £500 as a capital fund to provide annual prizes for well-ordered gardens.

This is the true way to make a garden city, and the public benefactors in this scheme deserve to have their names put on record. They are Mr Alfred Brown, Mr Frank Derry, Sir Laurence Halsey, Mr Henry Quatermaine (Chairman of the Council), and Mr W. R. Skeet.

It is an excellent bit of public work. They say that a good Englishman always loves his garden. A good citizen is one who takes a pride in it and in the house where he lives, striving to do his best by both. A still better citizen is one who helps his poorer neighbour to do likewise.

Captain Malcolm Campbell has travelled faster on land than any other man by driving his car at over 240 miles an hour at Daytona Beach, Florida.

Order Next Week's C.N. Now

See Page 5

THE SURF-RIDERS

And the Ice-Breakers

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SHARKS

There are hardy Britons who think nothing of bathing all through the winter, even breaking the ice so that they can have their morning swim.

But less hardy ones will turn from this cold picture to the warmer one now to be seen in Australia. There the bathers are riding gloriously on the surf rollers of the great Pacific. Hot sun is there, clear sky, firm white sand, and green and white curling waves which begin their leisurely roll nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore.

Day and night the mile-long beaches are crowded. The promenades, parks, and dressing-sheds which line the curving sands are thronged with people from November to April.

Watching for Accidents

It is a happy picture, but it would not be so without the Surf Life-Saving Association of Australia, which is probably the finest organisation of its kind in the world. It is voluntary and self-supporting. Each beach has its own club, and every member has to pass rigorous tests in swimming and life-saving. There are seventy clubs in New South Wales alone, with over 5000 members, each one an expert, patrolling and watching for accidents.

For accidents and sharks we should have said—for there are numbers of sharks round the coast. On every beach is a tall shark-tower with a warning bell to be rung by the watcher. At Coogi beach, Sydney, a great steel net guards a stretch of surf which is thus made safe from sharks.

Surf-riding is almost a national sport out there, and it is every Australian boy's ambition to belong to one of these Surf Clubs. But for sheer hardness we think our ice-breakers lead the way.

POOR THING

Lady Victoria's Last Race

A poor mare, running in a steeplechase at Sandown Park, fell dead in her last race in an attempt to win it which must be called heroic.

Lady Victoria was the mare's name. She was not so young as she had been. It was, in fact, time she gave up steeplechasing, especially as she had never won a race.

When she started in the long and trying race of more than three miles over hurdles, the principal race of the day, nobody supposed she had a chance of winning it—unless all the other horses fell down. But Lady Victoria, as if conscious of her past failures, or resolved to wipe them out by one last bold bid in this big race, started off at such a pace that at the end of two miles she was 200 yards ahead of any other competitor.

The effort was too much. It broke her heart, and, while still keeping her lead with a mile and a quarter to go, she crashed into a hurdle as she rose at it. Poor Lady Victoria rolled over never to rise again.

The gallant creature was dead.

All steeplechasing, which is carried on during the winter months in order to maintain opportunities for betting, is hard on horses; but a harder case than this is seldom met.

Marcel Doneguy, aged 10, has made a record by selling 30,900 stamps in aid of the French Anti-Tuberculosis League.

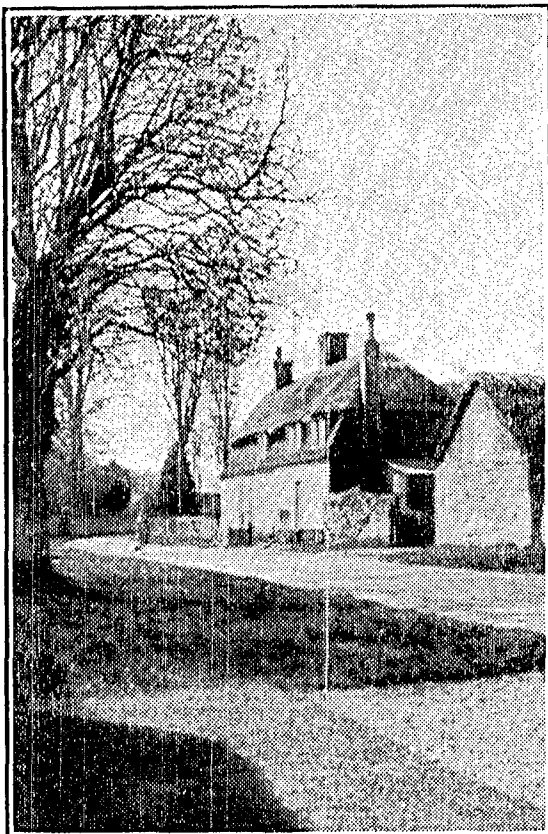
A stag, exhausted and dead-beat, sought refuge in a garden in Minchhead, and was killed by the Devon and Somerset hounds.

February 21, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

9

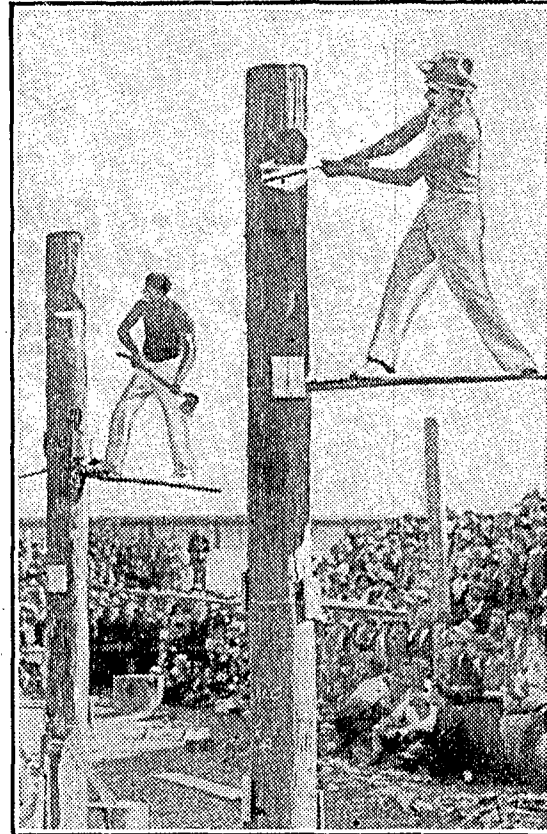
NURSERY CLASS · RELIEVING LIGHTHOUSE MEN · TREE-FELLING CONTEST



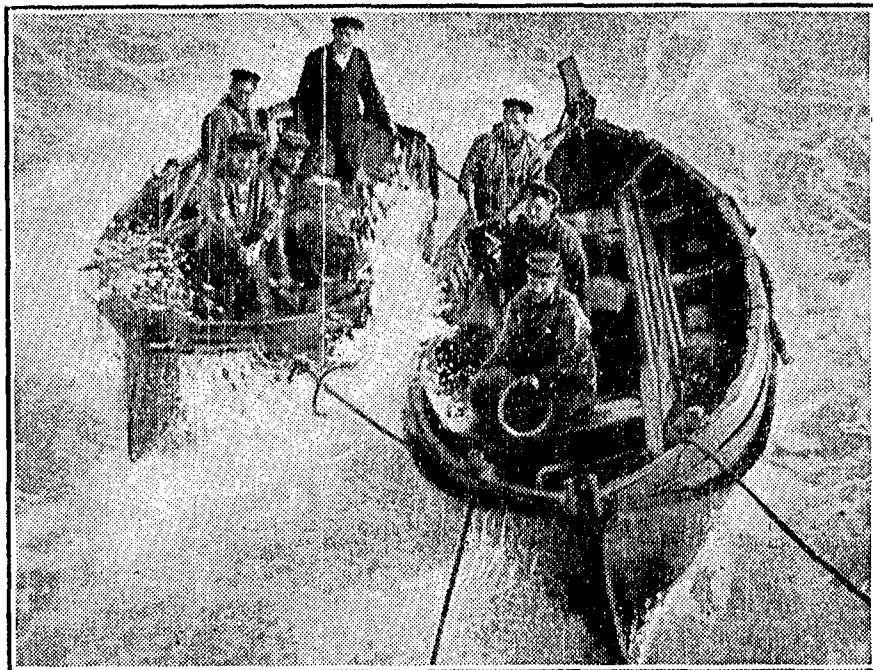
A Sussex Beauty Spot—The Sussex village of Winchelsea, where this picture was taken, was once a busy seaport, but in the sixteenth century the harbour silted up and the village is now some distance inland.



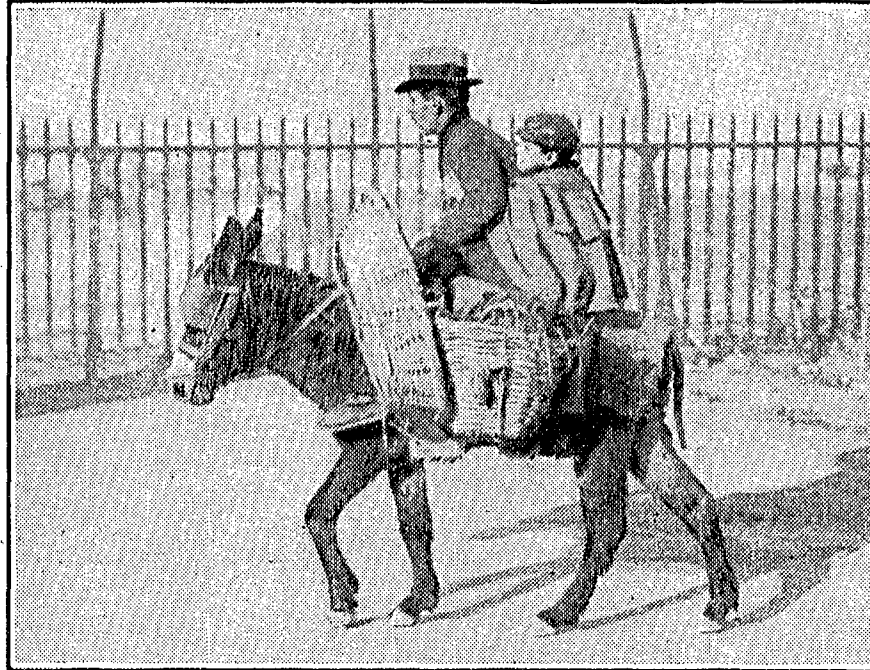
The C.N. Glits—Here are two happy children viewing wonderful lifelike pictures through the Magic Spectacles which are to be given with every copy of next week's C.N. See page 5.



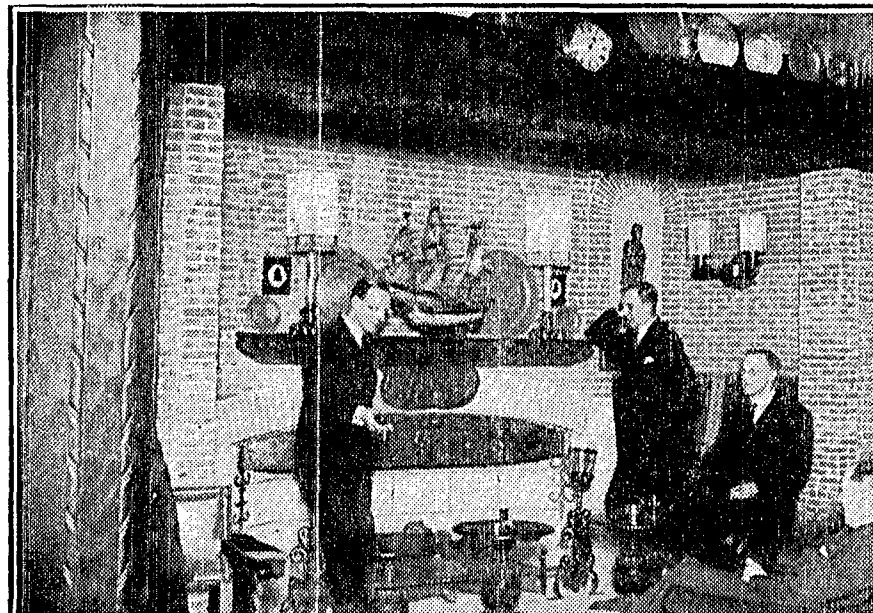
Tree-Felling Contest—Contests between men who fell trees arouse considerable interest in Australia. Here is a competition in progress with the men standing on narrow planks as they do when at work in the Bush.



Relieving the Lighthouse Keepers—This picture shows how hazardous is the task of relieving the keepers of the Wolf Lighthouse off Land's End. Calm seas are so rare that men and provisions have to be transferred to and from small boats by means of a rope and windlass.



Going to Market—Though donkeys are becoming rarer in England there are many places where they are commonly used for transport. Here is a picture from the border of Spain near Gibraltar where the hard-working little animal is still a very familiar sight.



In a Floating Palace—The beautiful fireplace of brick and stone shown in this photograph is one of the remarkable features of the new motor-liner Warwick Castle, which vessel has just made her first voyage to South Africa.



The Nursery Class—Here is a scene in the nursery class at a Walsall school where the tiny children, after washing-up their dinner-things, are encouraged to sleep during the afternoon, many of them on rugs on the floor.

K. C. B.

KEEP YOUR CHURCHYARD
BEAUTIFULA Good Work Waiting For
Friendly Hands To Do

UNEMPLOYED PLEASE NOTE

We have already referred in the C.N. to the new idea of turning our churchyards into gardens, and we rejoice to see a little book on the Care of Churchyards issued for 2s at Church House, Westminster.

It is a report carefully drawn up by the Central Council for the Care of Churches, and all who realise the menace of ugliness to our sacred village shrines will find in it a great deal of practical advice for bringing beauty into these places.

During the last century there was a steady decay of public taste in graves and monuments. Marble is cheap, and mistaken people consider it better style than local stone, so that a trade has grown up with Italy which has seriously affected our own stonemasons, and disfigured not a few churchyards by vulgar and ostentatious monuments made of alien materials. Such things give an impression of restlessness to anyone entering these haunts of peace.

A Great Possession

Our churchyards are a great possession, says this report, and their importance is only second to that of the priceless buildings within them. The finest building loses much of its charm if its surroundings are unworthy. The churchyard should not be gloomy or depressing. So far as possible it should suggest something of the nature of a garden.

With the idea of encouraging better taste the book gives photographs of lych-gates, crosses, sundials, walls or fences, and even of notice boards; and there is information on paths, rubbish heaps, sheds, and drainage.

In an increasing number of churchyards the ground has been levelled and gardens have been made. Grave-mounds prevent good drainage, and it is suggested that whenever it can be done without hurting anybody's feelings these should be levelled.

Useful Suggestions

The British Institute of Industrial Art has drawn up a list of stones suitable for monuments in all districts and varied climates, and we are glad to note that they consider granite to be out of place save in a granite area. The list is included in this report, which gives useful suggestions for trees and plants.

All over the country there are gardening enthusiasts, and we know that many willing hands would soon make light work of any labour that may be needed in restoring to our churchyards their ancient peace and beauty.

Why should not our unemployed men take up this work for us?

A BIRD BOOK

Secrets of Bird Life. By H. A. Gilbert and Arthur Brook. Arrowsmith 5s.

This little book describes the exciting adventures of two real sportsmen, who sought out their quarry over mountain, marsh, and moor with a camera and not with a gun.

Many of our readers know the bird studies of Mr Arthur Brook, and in this book we learn how patiently, courageously, and enthusiastically he sought out and preserved by his camera many scenes in the bird life of our island.

The forty photographs in this book are the work of an artist, and Mr Gilbert has a lively power of description.

We like too, of course, the strong protest the authors make against the stupid practice of collecting eggs for the sake of possessing them, and their even stronger protest against the wanton shooting of rare birds.

The Parliament the Nation Wants

THE BEST SYSTEM FOR FINDING IT OUT

The Old Way of Voting and the New Ways Being Thought Of

POWER OF MAJORITIES AND MINORITIES

By A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

THE C.N. has no party. It seeks only to tell its readers about the most important things that happen in the world and to sift the wheat from the chaff.

Nevertheless, it is a proper part of its business to deal with methods by which Parliaments or Governments are set up, leaving it to the grown-up newspapers to describe the quarrels of political parties, with which we have nothing to do.

There is a lot of talk just now about changing our method of voting for Parliamentary candidates; let us see how the matter stands. No one has anything good to say of the present system, which is very simple and not very clever.

Majority Representation

This existing system may be described as Majority Representation. The country is cut up into pieces called constituencies, and these return members to Parliament, usually one for each constituency.

Each man and woman has a vote. Any number of candidates may stand if nominated by a small body of electors. Usually, however, the candidates are put up by the great political parties.

The candidate who receives the most votes is declared elected, even if the majority is merely one vote. This naturally leads to unfair results, for we see at once that it is theoretically possible for one party to secure all the seats by a majority of a mere handful of votes. Let us call the parties Black and White, and take the number of constituencies as 600, each returning one member. Then if the Black Party obtained a majority of two votes only in each of the 600 constituencies it would return all the 600 members, while the White Party would not be represented at all!

An Absurd Result

Let us suppose in this case that the number of voters in each constituency is 50,000. Then we should get the following absurd result, each constituency returning a Black Party member by a majority of 2 (25,001 votes against 24,999 votes):

Party	Votes	Members
Black	15,000,600	600
White	14,999,400	0

Majority 1200 600

In practice the result is never as bad as this, but it is actually very bad. Here is the result of the last general election:

Party	Votes	Seats
Tory	8,669,469	260
Labour	8,416,557	287
Liberal	5,260,050	59
Others	311,088	9

Total 22,657,164 615

Here we see that the party with most votes obtained fewer seats than a party with fewer votes. We also see that a third party, which obtained over 5,000,000 votes, only captured 59 seats! What could be more absurd?

The Second Ballot

So absurd is the Majority Representation system that many reforms have been proposed. One is what is called Second Ballot. The idea of this is that where there are three or more candidates standing for one seat and no candidate secures an absolute majority a second election is held, the two leading candidates standing again. This does not work well in practice, for it is often found to lead to two parties combining together to crush a third. Moreover, two successive elections are a nuisance.

Another system is what is called the Alternative Vote. In this case no second election takes place. The electors are

asked, not to vote for one candidate, but to express their preference by putting 1, 2, 3, and so on, against the names in order of choice. When the votes are counted if one candidate has obtained a clear majority of votes over all the others he is declared elected.

If no candidate receives a clear majority on the first choice the votes of the lowest candidate are transferred, according to the second choice marked by those who voted for him, to the other candidates. If that process gives a clear majority to one candidate he is declared elected. If that piece of arithmetic does not suffice the second choice votes marked on the papers of the lowest candidate are distributed among the others, and so on until one man stands out with a clear majority made up of first and second choices.

This glorious mass of complications is favoured by many people. It is not as difficult in practice as it is to describe, but it is very difficult to admire it. It is also open to the objection that bargains may be made between one or two parties to keep other parties out. This has actually happened in practice.

At the Australian Senate election of 1925 two parties combined to keep out the third so effectively that the third party did not secure a single seat, although it got nearly as many votes as the other two put together.

Proportional Representation

Yet another method is to endeavour to secure Proportional Representation, the representation of each party in Parliament in true ratio to the votes it receives.

This system involves the abandonment of single-member constituencies and the formation of bigger constituencies returning a number of members, say five or six. Each elector has one vote in the big constituency, but it is a transferable vote, the elector showing his preference by putting 1, 2, 3, and so on, against the names on the list. Suppose the constituency to have 50,000 electors and to return five members. Then any candidate who receives 10,000 votes (a fifth) or more is declared elected on first choice. If he has more than 10,000 votes his surplus is distributed among the other candidates according to the second choice of the voters. This may give a second candidate the quota of 10,000 votes, and if so he is elected and his surplus, if any, distributed. When all surplus votes have been thus distributed, if the five seats are not yet filled a distribution of votes is begun from the candidate at the bottom, the second-choice votes on his paper being distributed. So transference proceeds up the scale until five candidates are elected as having each obtained the quota of 10,000 votes.

An Obsolete Idea

There are other methods of securing what is called Proportional Representation; they all depend on the abolition of single-member constituencies and the forming of big constituencies returning a number of members.

There are also beginning to appear reformers who ask why we should have political parties at all. They urge that the differences between the old parties have largely died away, that what the country wants is representation by men of first-class ability whose only party is their country, and who declare that the old idea of an Opposition in Parliament (opposing merely for the sake of opposing) is obsolete and stupid.

We who are growing up will see what we shall see in the next generation.

A THOUSAND MILLION POUNDS A YEAR

Terrible Facts About American Industry

We do not always realise how costly accidents are to the nation.

In the United States they have made an official estimate at Washington that, directly and indirectly, a year's industrial accidents cost no less than a thousand million pounds.

The number of American accidents is almost incredibly great. Here is the official estimate for a year.

25,000 deaths
2,750,000 cases of serious injury
86,000,000 minor injuries.

In our own country, fortunately, accidents are not so numerous, but their number must be counted in tens of millions, while those in which injury of some sort is caused must exceed a million. The number of British fatal accidents in a year is between 4000 and 5000.

We may gather from these figures that America has an almost incredible record of industrial accidents, and that while our own record is much better it is not at all satisfactory.

Still in too many cases machines are not sufficiently guarded or they are too crowded together for safe work.

Familiarity That Breeds Contempt

Another point is that familiarity with danger often breeds contempt. We must not be surprised at this, because it is not in human nature to sustain continuously that state of apprehension of danger which may be felt by the onlooker. When hard work has to be done continuously the workers dismiss danger from their minds.

If we think of those wonderful men who build the American skyscrapers, for example, we have to imagine them perched up far higher than the dome of St Paul's, sitting astride an iron girder. If men who do that kind of work were thinking about nothing but the danger of their position the work would never be done. This is not to discountenance the motto Safety First, but merely to point out what is true. Considerations such as these increase our sense of indebtedness to those who do the hard work of the world and so often face danger in doing it.

FREE AIR AND CLEAN

A Little Comfort For Those

Who Do Not Smoke

By Our League Correspondent

The Lord Chamberlain is indeed a benefactor in forbidding smoking in most of our English theatres.

Was it another Englishman, we wonder, who was responsible for checking the smoke nuisance in the recent Council meeting at Geneva? He was in the chair and had already introduced improvements such as speeding up the wearisome reading of long reports.

Whoever it was, many of us were truly thankful to see the request *Prière de ne pas fumer* prominently displayed in the Council hall and to find that the newspaper men round about ceased to puff their cigars in our unoffending faces. More than that, the porters at the door asked each smoker before he passed into the meetings to extinguish his light, and thoughtfully provided an extra large ashtray for the purpose.

If the rising tide of smoke has at last turned and those who do not worship it need no longer be constantly submerged by it we may indeed believe that the world is making progress. Does not its new method of cooperation apply between persons as well as nations? The air is free to all, and for some people to make it unbearable to many others is surely against the spirit of goodwill. No doubt it is only lack of thought, and once decent people realise the discomfort they cause to others the present widespread nuisance will cease.

NEPTUNE AT HIS NEAREST

How to Find Him Among the Stars

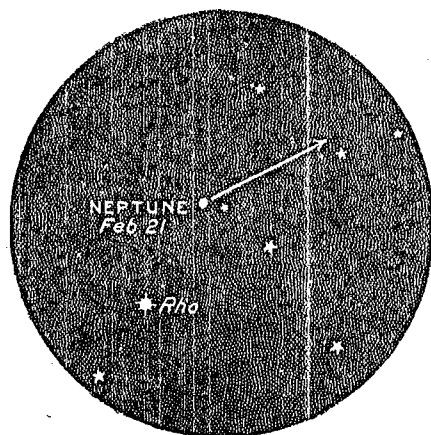
SATURN AND VENUS

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Monday, February 23, the planet Neptune will be at his nearest to us, 2,709,700,000 miles away.

This, however, makes little difference in the apparent size or brightness of a world at his tremendous distance. For at his farthest from us he is little more than 3000 million miles more.

As Neptune appears no brighter than an eighth-magnitude star he is, of course, far beyond naked-eye vision, though very good field-glasses may help us to just glimpse him if the night is clear and



Neptune among the faint stars as seen in good field-glasses. The arrow shows Neptune's path for the next two months

dark. The Moon's presence will, therefore, be a disadvantage during the next two weeks, but for the first few days she will not be much in evidence after 10 o'clock.

The exact position of Neptune is easy to find, for he is close to the small star Rho, which will be found to the left of the bright star Regulus. Both these stars will be readily identified with the aid of the star-map in last week's C.N.

Neptune is situated above and to the right of the small star Rho, and about twice the Moon's apparent diameter away. This region is shown on a very large scale in our star-map, which includes all the faint stars in the vicinity likely to be seen in the field of view of powerful field-glasses.

Rho is much the brightest of these, while Neptune will be about as faint as the faintest shown. His path for the next two months is also indicated; so it will be easy to distinguish Neptune by his movement in the course of a week.

There are two other worlds to be seen in interesting circumstances in the early morning of February 25. These are Venus and Saturn, which will appear sufficiently close together for observers to be able to identify Saturn for the first time this year.

In the Morning Sky

He has now passed from behind the Sun and adorns the morning sky. But on Wednesday morning Saturn will appear between three and four times the Moon's width below Venus, whose radiant orb will be unmistakably low in the south-east sky.

Venus does not rise till about 5 o'clock and Saturn soon after, so they are not likely to be seen except in very favourable situations before 5.30. Between then and 6 o'clock will be the best time to get a peep at them, for the rising dawn will speedily obscure Saturn, which is much fainter than Venus.

If this morning should be cloudy Saturn may yet be found on succeeding mornings about this time, not far from but more to the right of Venus.

It is thus we may get our first view of Saturn, which will be much brighter later on, and will eventually adorn our evening sky throughout the coming summer.

G. F. M.

FOR LITTLE ONE

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Christina Rossetti

A Proverb

A GALLANT man needs no drum
to rouse him.

Solomon Grundy

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.

Two Men and a Ship

Two men building a ship came across
a worm-eaten bit of timber.

"We had better not use this piece,"
said one man.

"Oh, yes!" said the other. "No-
body will see it, and it is not very rotten."

So they put the piece of timber in.

The ship was launched, and, return-
ing home with a costly cargo, had
almost reached port. Then a tempest
arose. The water came in at the rotten
plank, and the ship went down.

A Saying of Jesus

GREATER love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for
his friends.

A Fable From Aesop

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

ONE very hot day a wolf and a lamb
came at the same time to a moun-
tain stream to quench their thirst.

The wolf stood higher up the hillside
than the lamb; but wanting to pick
a quarrel the wolf called out: "What
do you mean by disturbing the water
and making it so muddy that I cannot
drink?"

The lamb answered that he could
not be dirtying the water for the wolf,
because the stream flowed down from
the wolf to where he was drinking.

"Never mind," answered the wolf.
"You have behaved very badly, and
I am told that you were calling me
names behind my back more than a
year ago."

The lamb retorted: "But that was
before I was born!"

The wolf then flew into a passion
and exclaimed: "If it was not you it
must have been your father, and it
comes to the same thing in the end."

Then he seized the poor lamb and
devoured it.

If you have made up your mind to
quarrel it is easy to find a reason.

A Little Prayer

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

C. L. N.

Miss Smuts Joins In WHY NOT A BIG PUSH FOR THE THIRD TEN THOUSAND?

Number of Members—23,604

We are delighted to welcome many
new members this week, and especially
one. Miss Louis Smuts has joined.

The Children's League of Nations has
now associated with it one of the famous
names behind the grown-up's League
of Nations, for General Smuts, the
father of Louis, was, of course, one of
the pioneers of the Parliament of the
World at Geneva and he knows quite
well that the generation growing up has
it in its power to save the world.

General Smuts is one of the few men
in the world who are trusted by all
nations. The hero of South Africa long
before he joined the British Empire, he
has become one of the heroic figures of
our British League of Nations and a
most highly esteemed and honoured
figure at Geneva. He has the same kind
of universal fame, the same kind of
universal goodwill about him, as Nansen
had, and we who believe in the British
Commonwealth as a great bulwark of
world peace look up to General Smuts as
one of our chief leaders and thinkers.

In South Africa

And so we are delighted to welcome
our new recruit from Africa for her own
sake as well as her father's. We look
forward to the day when she may be-
come one of the leading spirits of the
C.L.N., for she shows herself, in her
letter to us, as ready to tackle any hard
work for friendship among peoples. At
present she is staying in England, and
this is what she writes to us from Street
in Somerset:

I should like to become a member of the
Children's League of Nations and am enclosing
sixpence in stamps for card and badge. My
birthday is November 1, and I am sixteen.

When I came to England last September
from South Africa I was very struck by the
interest the schoolchildren here take in the
League, and I feel that when I return in May
I should like to stir up my school, the Pretoria
High School for Girls, and get them keen on
the League of Nations. The school, however,
has between 700 and 800 pupils, and I feel that
trying to stir them up to anything would be a
big job!

My father, General Smuts, thinks that if my
scheme works it may mean a great deal,
because many of these girls may carry the
message of peace into their homes with them.

Letters of Encouragement

Betty Turner, of Oregon in the
United States, who is 17, writes that she
was once a student at Inverness Royal
Academy in Scotland, and it was all
quite interesting and exciting. "Really
things are very much alike in England
and the United States," says Betty.
"I do wish young people everywhere
could know each other better."

They are beginning to know each other
better, for there are letters from boys
and girls all over the world telling of the
little bits of help which, joined together,
are strengthening the C.L.N. each day.

One little bit of help from you, please,
this week! If you are a member will
you get one more? If you are not a
member will you join hands for peace?

We are well on our way to our third
Ten Thousand: can we not reach it
before the roses come?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership
should be sent sixpence in stamps for
the card and badge. Please give your
name and address, birthday and year,
and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Getting the World to Play Cricket—page 7



Brimful of Healthy Energy

THE energy and vitality
children are so prodigal
in spending must be made
good from the energy-creating
elements obtainable from
nourishment. They are grow-
ing—physically and mentally
—and nourishment is essential
for healthy development and
sturdy growth.

During this time more nourish-
ment is essential than ordinary
food contains. Growing child-
ren should have "Ovaltine"
every day instead of tea, coffee,
plain milk and other meal-time
beverages, for this delicious food
drink supplies, in a correctly
balanced and concentrated
form, the nutritive elements
from Nature's best foods—
ripe barley malt, creamy milk,
and eggs from our own and
specially selected farms.

Make "Ovaltine" your child-
ren's daily beverage. Note
their increased energy and
vitality, and see on their cheeks
the glow of perfect health.
Watch them as they grow up
with sturdy bodies, sound
nerves and alert minds.

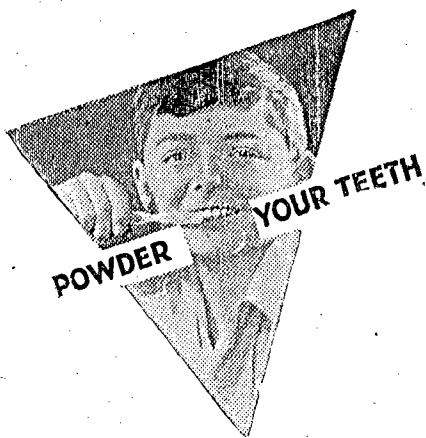


School Children must have

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain. Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
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Stamp Collecting

For the convenience of those of our readers who are interested in Foreign Stamps, announcements of reputable Stamp Dealers are classified under the heading of The Stamp Collector's Corner.

This feature appears every alternate week in The Children's Newspaper.

WATCH THE C.N. NEXT WEEK.

A Jolly Magazine for Boys and Girls.

LITTLE FOLKS

At all Newsagents MONTHLY 1/-



£1,500 DOG BOOK for 1/-

With the compliments of Karswood.

The first edition of the new Karswood Dog Book, entitled "Everybody's Dog Book," will cost the Karswood Company £1,530 (one thousand five hundred and thirty pounds). This figure is not exaggerated by one single penny piece, and it is safe to say that it is the greatest bargain in books ever offered to dog owners.

If you are lucky enough to have a doggy pal you should ask your father or mother to get you a copy of this book so that you will know exactly how to feed him and look after him. Besides, "Everybody's Dog Book" tells you lots of interesting things about dogs.

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"Everybody's Dog Book" is bang up-to-date, and contains the condensed knowledge of some of the greatest living experts. Everything you could wish to know about dogs is given in its 80 packed pages, with every word of unnecessary "padding" cut right out.

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When answering advertisements please mention The Children's Newspaper.

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Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

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UNCLE SAM'S CELLAR

BURSTING WITH GOLD

The Rich Man With the Beggar at His Gate

WHAT AMERICA COULD DO

The love of money is the root of all evil. Old saying

The old idea of a miser being left on a desert island with his gold, starving with his mountain of gold piled up beside him, comes to mind as we look about the world today and see America with her cellars full of gold and her troubles growing all around her. She is like the rich man with the beggar at his gate, even within his household.

The mistaken notion that the object of trade is to obtain gold and build up wealth was never better illustrated than by the case of the United States just now. Since the war America has been piling up gold in her bank vaults, and has now come to possess roundly 4000 million dollars' worth of the precious metal, about £800,000,000 in our money. Never before has one country possessed so much gold. It is a striking phenomenon.

The True Uses of Gold

All the world has only about 2000 million pounds' worth of gold, so that the United States has far more than a third of the whole.

Gold has two distinct uses.

Because it is beautiful and in ordinary use untarnishable and also because it is rare gold has always been coveted. In industry it is widely used for ornamental purposes, in the making of jewellery and ornaments, and for gilding. It can be beaten out so thin as gold-leaf that it can be used without excessive cost for lettering and for picture-frames.

Gold as a Standard of Value

Its most important use, however, is as the basis of a money system. As it is rare and everywhere acceptable it was long ago used as a standard of value to fix the price of other commodities and as a medium of exchange by which we could make it possible to buy and sell with facility. The amount of gold required in industry is comparatively small, for gold ornaments become absurd if they are too freely used, and gilding also fails in its effect if it is too lavish. Therefore a nation has no need to pile up gold for industrial purposes.

For money purposes it is not necessary to use a very large amount of gold, because all that is needed in practice is enough to give confidence in the use of paper money, such as our Treasury Notes. Thus we find in practice that about £150,000,000 in gold is sufficient for the Bank of England to hold and to give confidence in the use of paper money which stands for gold. Paper money thus backed by gold is accepted because it is like a gold certificate. What is called a convertible currency is one that can be realised at the Bank in gold; one which can be converted into gold.

America's Wasted Gold

When the United States accumulates a store of £800,000,000 worth of gold, therefore, she is simply hoarding up yellow metal which is largely useless to her. Instead of helping her this gold is a source of loss, for it is not wanted in industry and much of it is not needed to back the paper currency.

Not only so, but America, by hoarding gold, is keeping out of use by the world as a whole metal which might be more profitably used as a basis of credit. It is undoubtedly true at this moment that in the world at large the amount of gold used as a basis of credit is not large enough, and the gold hoarding by America (and in a large degree also by France) is injuring world credit and world trade.

America cannot eat gold; she cannot drink gold; she does not want her gold either for industry or for credit. If she could be brought, as many of her own citizens desire, to revise the war

A BRITISH TRADE DOING WELL

5000 People Interested In It

GOODWILL AND GOOD SENSE

It is encouraging in these days to read of any British industry that is prospering, and that is why we write of the British Angora Wool Industry.

It must be one of the smallest of all our industries, but it is growing, and its work is increasing every year. Throughout the country Angora rabbits are being bred, but nearly all the wool is sent to one company at Pencombe in Herefordshire.

In 1927 this industry was dependent on one spinning mill, and so many people with small means had been persuaded to put their money into the purchase of Angora rabbits that when supplies began to pour in from France many of these small producers were reduced to penury, having no market for their wool.

This is where the firm now known as Minchin and Matthews stepped in. They were three people who had retired from service in India and had taken up Angora rabbits as a hobby, and, being distressed at the news of ex-soldiers and sailors with small incomes who had lost their market and consequently their money, they themselves started buying wool to help a few of the worst cases.

An Impulse of Kindness

But as the news spread more and more wool was offered to them, until they were obliged to find an outlet for the stock that was gradually accumulating. So they arranged for the spinning of the wool and the making of it into garments, and gradually what had sprung from an impulse of kindness grew into a big commercial undertaking.

A company was formed, and a fresh issue of shares has lately been found necessary to keep pace with the expansion of the work. More than 5000 people supply the wool—miners, small shopkeepers, farmers, anyone who has a bit of space in which to keep rabbits and the time to give them all the attention that Angoras need.

We cannot but think that a business with more than a touch of good nature and friendliness in it will flourish as most good things do in this world, and we wish well to this remarkable experiment.

NEWS FROM 1840

Important to Teetotallers

We all know now that alcohol is bad for us, whether we like it or not.

A hundred years ago the truth about alcohol was not so well known, and we have been much interested, in looking through an old Yorkshire newspaper for 1840, to come upon a paragraph headed Important To Teetotallers. We think it will interest our readers, and we give it below.

On Thursday in last week an inquest was held before Mr Carter, coroner of Surrey, at the Bell Inn, Lambeth, on the body of Joseph Hawkins, an old man aged 84, who had formerly been a very hard drinker, but had lately become a teetotaler. For years before he joined the society he used to take a glass of rum the first thing in the morning, rum and ale in the forenoon, ale and a glass of rum after dinner, a glass of rum in his tea, ale for supper, and afterwards a glass of rum and water. The surgeon gave it as his opinion that the death of the deceased was accelerated by suddenly leaving off the use of spirits. Verdict: Died by the Visitation of God.

Continued from the previous column

debts and to open her ports more freely to world trade she would reduce her stock of gold, increase her own wealth and the wealth of the world, and greatly stimulate trade. America is young in experience of these things, but it is hoped that the conference which has been taking place between economic and financial experts will lead to some decision of vital value to us all.

Build strength on

SHREDDED WHEAT

100% FOOD

RICHARD LUCKLESS

Serial Story by
Mary Carruthers

CHAPTER 15

Squire or Serving-Man?

A RED mist rose before Richard's eyes. He was put past all self-control by the fear that his pledge might be broken, and the thought that he might be dragged back home.

"I am not Richard Vaine," he shouted; "but Jankyn, Jankyn the serving-man! Believe that, an you will, and keep Mary Jermyn's money till Judgment Day!"

He burst from the room, and was gone. The old man shook his head in shocked surprise.

Almost he deceived me with his fair looks and gentle speech, learned from his master, no doubt. But villainy would out at last. I shall write no word of this impostor to Sir Vivian."

His fury over, and a quiet corner reached, Richard counted the gold coins which were left to him of the sum he had got for the emerald. No more selling of jewels for him. He must work for his daily bread.

Well, there was one trade to which he had been reared from childhood. He bought a two-oared wherry with the rest of his money and plied for hire on the Thames.

So the months went by till one bleak day in spring, when two troopers called "Boat Ahoy!" from the river bank. Who should they be but Jeremy and John.

"Why, it is Luckless," they called out. "For the second time well met in a little boat."

Richard slipped his oars, and sprang ashore. He wrung the troopers by the hand. "Welcome!" he cried. "Often have I sought for your faces in this swarming town, and longed to see you, if only to thank you for the sixpences you gave me when we parted."

"How have the fortunes gone which you were to push in London?" asked Jeremy. "But indifferently, yet not so ill that I cannot give a good dinner to my two friends," said Richard.

The three were soon seated in the dining-room of a hostelry, jacks of ale, sirloin of beef, and a great Cheshire cheese before them, while the fiddlers played their loudest.

"How do you like your life in London?" asked John, as the meal drew near its close. "Well enough, but for the smoke and the loneliness," Richard replied.

"Why not carry a pike in our company, and march with Monk?" asked Jeremy. "Old George has been appointed Governor of Scotland. We march there on April 6."

"What kind of a commander is Monk?" asked Richard.

"The father of his troops," replied Jeremy. "For himself he knows not the need of food or sleep, but he takes good care that there are plenty of magazines of biscuits and cheese, where the rank and file can feed. And when the day's march is done there is nothing delights him more than sitting on the grass when the canteen is unpacked, and throwing cold joints of meat to the officers. Come with us, Luckless. Better to follow the beat of the drum than live like a water-rat."

"It would be a venture," said Richard, "and I would have your company. I am sick for new friends: all my old ones have failed me."

CHAPTER 16

Caller Herrin

Down the Fishwife's Causeway, which led from Edinburgh to Leith, with many others of her calling a young girl of nineteen came swinging one summer evening, carrying her tall, lissom figure like a young queen, in spite of the many petticoats, gaily striped red, blue, and yellow, which she wore piled one on the top of the other, over white worsted stockings and black shoes.

Her head was covered with masses of curling auburn hair, sparkling in the sun, and was bare of covering except for the band on her brow, from which was hung the big creel, or fish-basket, which she carried on her back.

The face framed in the copper halo of hair was of the vivid rose and white complexion which goes with the possession of red hair at times; she had eyes of a warm brown, high cheekbones, a chin with a determined set.

Barbara Macrae had had a good day calling "Caller Herrin" through the crowded streets of Old Edinburgh. Young as she was, few of the other fishwives could rival her as a saleswoman. Barbara's creel was empty of fish, her pockets were full of small earnings, which she was taking home to the lonely cottage on the banks of the Firth of Forth.

She had never known another home. Her fisherman father had been drowned at sea. His young wife did not long survive him. She died, leaving her baby Barbara to be brought up by her husband's three brothers, fishermen like himself.

The child had thriven like a rose in the household of men, in spite of the fact that they were all bachelors and had very few friends.

The Macraes came from the Highlands, big, silent, soft-spoken men apt to relapse at times into their native Gaelic, people whom it was not wise to cross in spite of their gentle manners.

They had only been settled for a generation near Leith. All the fisherfolk that lived in that part of the country were called Johnstone, one great family who kept to their own clan, and held aloof from the Macraes, whom they counted foreigners.

However, in spite of her scarcity of women friends, Barbara grew up to be a capable and managing young woman, not only the darling of her uncles' home but the notable housewife who thought for everyone in a life of happy humdrum toil which seemed as if it would go on for ever. However, something had happened a year ago which had interfered most unexpectedly with her ways and days.

Alistair, the eldest of the uncles, had come back late from a sea trip and brought a wife with him, Tamsin, pretty, feckless, only ten years older than Barbara herself.

There cannot be two queen bees in a hive.

Alistair was very doubtful how his masterful niece would welcome the newcomer. But Barbara took her deposal very well. At once she yielded up the keys, forsook the kitchen, and all her indoor work.

She dressed herself in fishwife clothes, and carried the fish her uncles caught to market, leading a life which was as free and hard-working as a man's.

So there was no wrangling. Peace still reigned in the home. Tamsin could muddle along with the housekeeping by herself without being disturbed by the critical glances of a younger expert.

Barbara came by the quay, where her uncles' fishing-smack rode at her moorings. She passed the last house on the outskirts of the village—the blacksmith's forge; and as she turned off on the footpath through the fields, which led to the cluster of stone-roofed cottages looking down on the sands of the firth, she heard a sound of hammering coming from within the building. Her eyes twinkled.

"What mischief can Aunt Tamsin be up to next?" she asked herself.

Softly she pushed the door open and looked in. Her aunt was on her knees in the middle of the kitchen floor, busy with chisel and hammer, trying to wrench open the lid of a strong oak box.

This same chest had been the pride of Barbara's heart in the days when she held the house her own. It was a strangely fine piece of furniture to find in a fisherman's cottage, evidently of old Flemish workmanship, beautifully carved on the panels with a device of vineleaves and bunches of grapes, with the faces of little foxes peeping roguishly in between the tendrils.

When it had been in Barbara's charge she had kept it like a dark mirror with much beeswax and polishing. But now the fine old chest was being chipped and defaced, the beautiful lock was being torn away by ruthless hands.

"Aunt Tamsin, I would not do that if I were you," said Barbara mildly.

"Girl, what a start you gave me, creeping in like that!" said Tamsin, dropping the chisel and sitting back on her heels in her fluster. Then, regaining her self-command, "I have a right to open any box I choose in this house," she snapped out.

"Yes; but Uncle Alistair likes that chest kept locked," said Barbara. "In all the years that I have known it he has never let me see inside."

"You and I are two very different people," retorted Tamsin. "I need the box to make a storing-place for my blankets in the summer. My goodman would be the last to deny it to me."

Once more she wrenched at the loosening lock. She began to prize with a chisel at the remaining nail which held. The chisel slipped and, enraged, she nursed a cut forehead.

"Don't stand looking at me!" she cried to Barbara. "Go away!"

"But if you will open the box, I must be there to see," returned the other, holding her ground. "All my life I have desired to see what was inside."

Continued on the next page

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Every big 2d. bar of Nestlé's Chocolate is carefully wrapped to ensure absolute freshness. And every bar has a Gift Coupon in it. All Nestlé's packets from the 2d. bars upwards contain coupons now. Scores of really valuable free gifts. Which would you like? A Table Tennis Set, a Match Football or a Fountain Pen? There are many other gifts to choose from. Send for Nestlé's Presentation List to-day, and five free coupons.

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Please send me 5 FREE COUPONS and the Nestlé's Presentation List.

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CHILDREN'S
KNITTED OUTERWEAR
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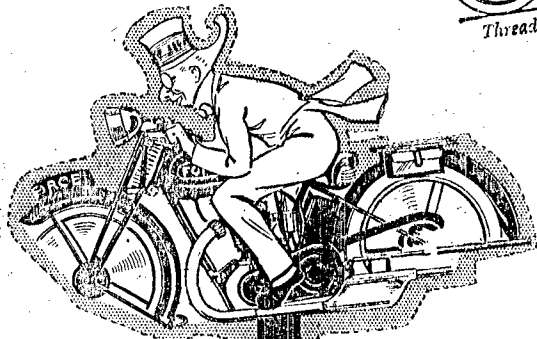
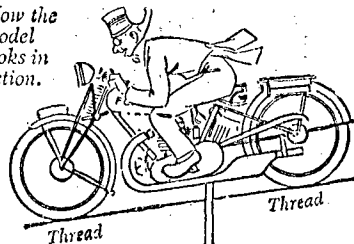
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Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO.**, 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



SUNNY JIM TRICK MOTOR-CYCLIST

How the
model
looks in
action.



CUT OUT AND MAKE UP THIS SCIENTIFIC TOY

Cut out roughly round the dotted line and stick the drawing on a piece of cardboard, such as an empty "FORCE" packet. When dry, colour it and cut it out more carefully.

Cut out the two wheels "A" "A". Trace these three parts on another piece of cardboard and cut out a second set. The set with the drawing on it is for the front of the finished model, the other is for the back.

Cut out the two shapes "B" "B" in thicker cardboard to form the centre of the wheels, and stick the three parts of each wheel together like a pulley. Make sure the pulley groove between the flanges is the same depth all the way round, and that the three thicknesses of cardboard do not gape or separate at all. Round match sticks make good axles.

Put the wheels in place between the back and front halves of the model, and stick the tops of the halves together, so that the wheels can revolve freely. If they are stiff, wedge the halves of the model apart with a strip of cardboard. Bend over the flaps of the miniature "FORCE" packet and stick them to the back half to make a pouch for a halfpenny.

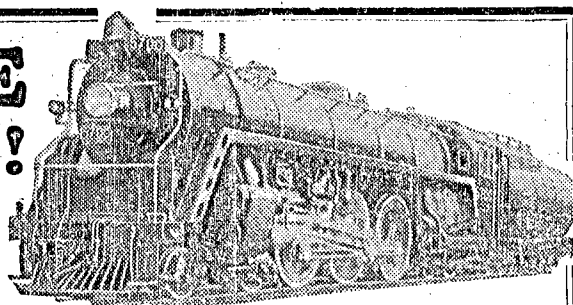
Pass the tightrope (a piece of thread) between the strips, so that the pulley wheels rest on it, raise the end of the thread, and Sunny Jim will go scorching down the tightrope at breakneck speed. There's "FORCE" behind that!

If you haven't tried "FORCE," the delicious whole wheat food, send a postcard to Sunny Jim (Dept. (11), 197 Great Portland Street, London, W.1. for FREE sample packet. "FORCE" is delicious with hot or cold milk and makes the finest breakfast a fellow ever had. Eat "FORCE" and join the thousands of enthusiasts for this splendid food.

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FREE To-day!



A beautiful 3-colour plate, on art paper, size 9 inches by 5 inches, of the Record Breaking CANADIAN NATIONAL EXPRESS ENGINE No. 5700, is given FREE with every copy of this week's MODERN BOY. Five more coloured plates, of other famous Railway Engines, are also to be given FREE—one with each of the next five issues of

MODERN BOY

Now on Sale

2d.

The last nail gave. The lid creaked on its hinges. Reluctantly it rose some two inches, and a waft of lavender gone to dust and ashes arose in the air. Suddenly the lid closed down again, slammed down by a huge, heavy hand.

Big Alistair Macrae had entered the room as catfooted as his niece had done, moved out of his usual silence to a very great anger at the two.

"Barbara, very well you know that is forbidden," said he. "Tamsin, not once or twice have I told you to leave the chest alone."

"But, Alistair, I wanted to put my blankets in it," she protested. "And often have you said to me that all that is yours is mine."

"The chest is not mine, and that I have told you before, too," said he. "It does not belong to the Macraes. It is Barbara's, and Barbara's only, and she shall not have it till she is married, not a day before."

He lifted up the chest—what it held was of no great weight. He put it on his shoulder, and in the firelight all the little foxes seemed to laugh and leer at Tamsin and Barbara.

He made his way with it up the one steep stair. He climbed the ladder which led to an attic. He thrust the chest inside and locked the door. Once more he descended, and in silence Tamsin and Barbara watched the angry man stride out of the house and fling the key of the attic far out into the waters of the firth.

"You must not try to meddle with the chest again, Aunt Tamsin," said Barbara. "It is not often Uncle Alistair says No, but when he does he is a dour and dangerous man to cross."

"Such a stir about nothing," said Tamsin resentfully. "All the thing holds is a lot of moth-eaten old clothes."

Their differences had died down the next morning. The Macraes were bound for a long cruise for the cod-banks. Tamsin went down to the quay to wave goodbye as her husband's fishing-smack shook out her sails, red-brown as a butterfly's wings, and scudded eastward on the dancing waters of the firth.

Tamsin lingered watching the boat lessen; she walked leisurely home, passing Barbara, who was already on her way to the town.

As Tamsin went into her kitchen something blocked the opening of the door. She stooped, and saw a sight which filled her with dismay—the big basket of food which had been packed for the seafarers. More than once Alistair had offered to carry it down to the quay for her, but she was all behind with her baking. She had said she would take it herself to the boat; then put it down in a corner and forgot it.

Out of the house rushed Tamsin, calling her niece at the top of her voice. In the distance Barbara heard, and turned back.

"What is the matter, Aunt Tamsin?" "An awful thing," gasped the other. "The food basket has been forgotten."

"And the uncles are standing well out to sea," said Barbara in dismay. "And they will not look for their supper till night-time."

"What can I do?" said Tamsin, wringing her hands.

"There might be a boat down by the quay, though I doubt it, the men are all out," said Barbara. "Give me the basket, I might overtake them."

The two hastened down to the little wooden quay, where a knot of idlers were standing. There was no boat to be seen, except one lying high upon the foreshore.

"That is Andra Todd's," said Tamsin. "We must take a loan of it."

The tide was in, Barbara and Tamsin had not far to drag the boat. Barbara sprang in and with a few strong strokes pulled out into deep water.

In the distance could be heard the angry voice of Andra Todd, shouting. "What fool has taken my boat? Come back, Barbara Macrae. Come back!"

But all unregarding the girl rowed her hardest in the direction the fishing-smack had taken. It was far away by then, but she hoped to hail it from a distance.

With the rest of the onlookers, Andra hastened over the shingle to Tamsin, and grasped her by the arm.

"You daft woman!" he bawled. "Why did you take my boat? You have sent the lassie to her doom. My boat is not seaworthy. I had beached her to be mended. I can't think how she has got so far without sinking—Ah! the lassie is in difficulties now: she is turning for the shore!"

So she was, bailing with might and main.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO TOSSES THE PANCAKE

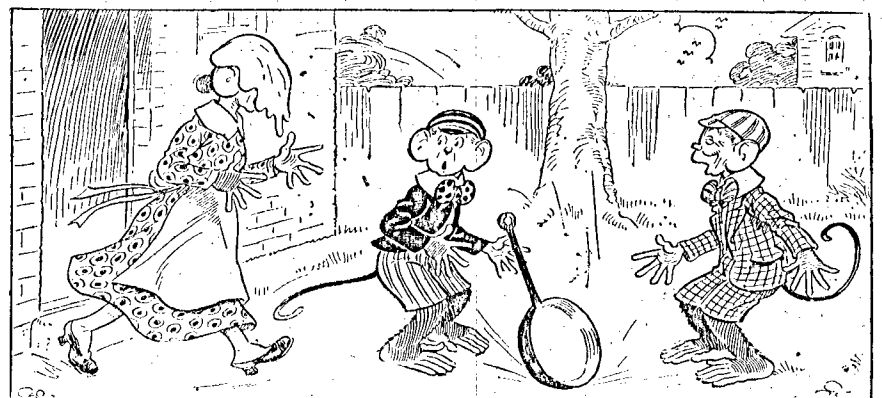
JACKO, the young rascal, was extraordinarily fond of pancakes.

And so, curiously enough, was his father. So when pancake day came round once more Mother Jacko determined they should not be disappointed.

"Chimp likes pancakes," said Jacko. "Can he come to dinner, Mater?"

"Mater's properly busy. I hope she'll make a lot," he added.

"Have you ever tried tossing 'em?" inquired Chimp. "There's a big school in London where the Cook makes a whopping pancake and throws it up for the boys to catch. The one who grabs the biggest bit gets a prize."



Mother Jacko caught the sticky mess full in the face

"Why, yes," said his mother good-naturedly; and then she added: "if you will promise not to make too much noise. The last time he came—"

"Yes, all right, Mater," interrupted Jacko hastily. "We'll play in the garden." And off he rushed with the good news.

"You can come," he told his friend; "but the Mater doesn't want to see your ugly face till dinner-time."

Chimp grinned, and, giving Jacko a friendly dig in the ribs, dragged him off to the football field.

When one o'clock drew near they made their way home.

"It's all right," said Jacko, pressing his nose against the kitchen window.

Jacko crept up to the window again.

Mother Jacko was not in sight. Quick as a flash of lightning he caught up the frying-pan—it was full of a lovely brown pancake—and ran out into the garden with it.

Chimp beamed with joy.

"Throw it up!" he shouted, holding out his arms.

Jacko held the handle firmly in both hands and flung the pancake high in the air.

The boys made a wild dash for it.

"What are you doing?" cried Mother Jacko, suddenly appearing at the door.

Unfortunately she didn't see the pancake in time to avoid it. And caught the sticky mess full in the face!

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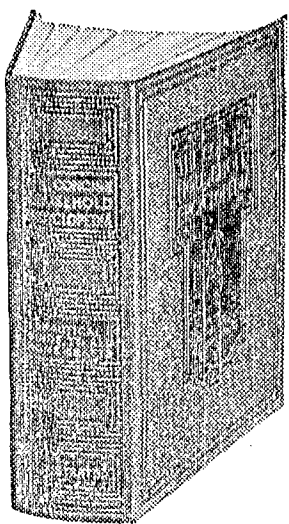
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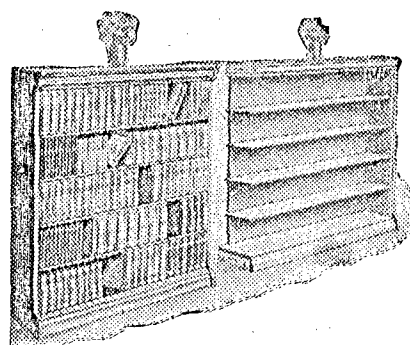
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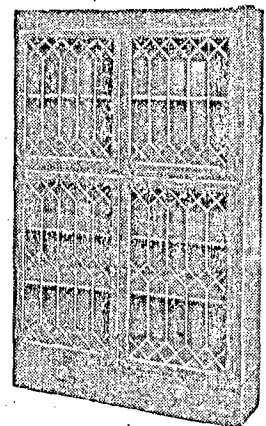
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February 21, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

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THE BRAN TUB

Times and Chimes

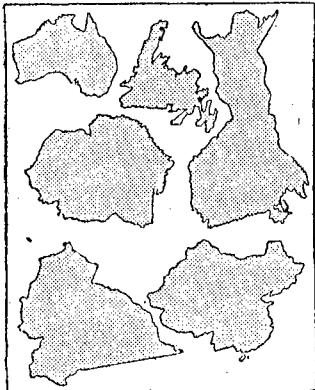
WHEN Big Ben is striking 4 o'clock on Monday morning in London it is 2.5 p.m. in Sydney. What hour will Big Ben be striking when it is 6.45 on Wednesday morning in Sydney?

Answer next week

The Magic Nine

THE digits of the present year 1931 when added together make 14. This will not happen again until 1940, nine years' time. The next occasion will be ninety-nine years later, in 2039. After this it will occur every nine years until 2093. Including 1931 the digits of the year will add up to 14 on nine occasions in this and the next century—that is to say, in 1931, 1940, 2039, 2048, 2057, 2066, 2075, 2084, and 2093.

A Geographical Puzzle



FIND the names of these countries and arrange them in this order that the six initial letters spell the name of another country. The maps are not drawn to the same scale.

Answer next week

Waterproof Plaster of Paris

FOR mending heavy articles of crockery plaster of Paris is useful, but it is not always proof against water. It is, however, easy to make the plaster waterproof by mixing it with milk instead of water.

The trace of grease in the milk makes the plaster resist water to a remarkable extent. Moreover, when milk is employed the plaster does not set so rapidly, and this makes it easier to handle.

The Two Brothers

WE are two brothers. We are not particularly good-looking, but we are very useful. We have only one foot each, but we go about on four.

What are we? Answer next week

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

RONNY and Tim were playing at highwaymen in Tenaere Field when they heard the loud hum of an aeroplane. Soon the machine appeared very low over the hedge, and what was the boys' excitement when they saw it circle round and land on the other side of the field.

They tore across the grass to it. It looked like an enormous moth bumping across the field, with its propeller still slowly turning. The boys reached the great machine as the airman climbed out.

"Hullo!" he said. "I've lost my bearings a bit. Can you chaps tell me how far I am from Fording?"

"Fording's over there," said Ronny, pointing over

Ici On Parle Français



La charrette Le menuisier Le coffret

On mettra tout dans la charrette. Le menuisier rabote une planche. Ses bijoux sont dans le coffret.

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters across to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, will make the name of something that is with us now.

O * * * * * One who flees.
* O * * * * * Recall to mind.
* * O * * * * * Titled class.
* * * O * * * * * Soldiers' lodgings
* * * * O * * * * * Holder of degree.
* * * * * O * * * * * Large hill.
* * * * * O * * * * * Guests.
* * * * * O * * * * * Compassion.

Answer next week

A Curious Experiment

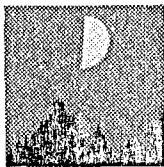
AN apple which is shrivelled and covered with wrinkles can be used for an interesting experiment. Place it on a dish and stand beside it a small piece of lighted candle. Then cover the

apple and the candle with a glass jar. When the flame has exhausted the air in the jar the light goes out. You will now see that all the wrinkles have vanished and the apple is now plump and smooth.

The burning candle consumed the oxygen inside the jar so that the pressure on the apple was much reduced. Inside the apple there was a certain amount of air, and this forced out the skin so that it was once more smooth.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, and Eros are in the South; Uranus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, February 25.



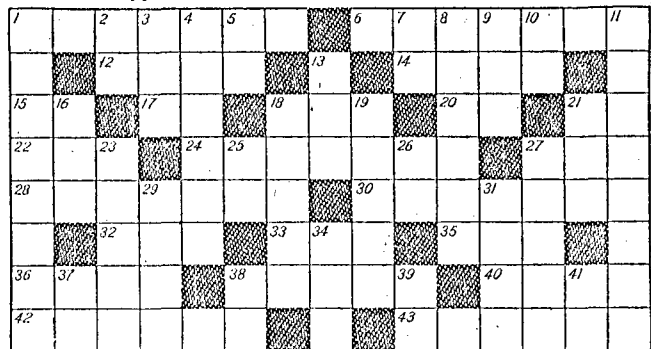
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Egg Case Linked Squares
150 undamaged FOR GET
40 cracked ORE EAR
10 broken RED TRY

A Zoological Charade Crocodile.
Arithmetical Spelling OX-FOR(ty)-D

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. To put out of action. 6. Answered. 12. A giant. 14. A tribe. 15. Preposition. 17. Errors excepted*. 18. A beverage. 20. An announcement*. 21. Denotes destination. 22. A meal. 24. Power. 27. A quadruped's foot. 28. Commonly believed. 30. Custodians. 32. Well-known timber tree. 33. The conscious thinking subject. 35. One end of the spectrum. 36. To make a hole. 38. Salt water. 40. A nobleman. 42. To ensnare. 43. To play again.

Reading Down. 1. A continued disputation. 2. In this manner. 3. A period of time. 4. Air in gentle motion. 5. French for the. 7. London postal district*. 8. A cricketer. 9. A boy. 10. Not without. 11. In a sleepy manner. 13. Every one. 16. Tiny hillock of sand. 18. An assistant. 19. An image. 21. A black viscid substance. 23. Separately. 25. Exist. 26. Note in the musical scale. 27. Pertaining to a foot. 29. One who uses. 31. A glance. 34. A trap. 37. Above and touching. 38. Bishop*. 39. Symbol for the last king. 41. High artist's honour*.

D! MERRYMAN

Cause and Effect?

THE bore was talking of his travels once again.

"As I came out of that dense forest I was confronted by a yawning chasm," he said.

"Was it yawning before it saw you?" asked one of the bored.

The Higher the Noisier

SMITH lived on the ground floor and he suffered from very noisy neighbours in the flat above. Seeing an article on noisy and inconsiderate neighbours he thought his opportunity for a protest had come. So he cut it out and took it to Jones in the flat above.

As Jones read it a smile crept over his face. "Great!" he cried. "Oh, lovely. Lend it to me for five minutes, will you, old chap? I want to show it to those noisy folk upstairs."

No Laughing Matter

IT was dinner-time at the barracks.

"Any complaints?" shouted the orderly sergeant.

"The stew's funny," complained one man.

"Funny, is it?" queried the sergeant. "Then why aren't you laughing?"

Hard Fare

THE notice on the window had said: "All cakes our own make. We supply clubs and hotels."

A man who was taking tea in the restaurant called the waitress to him and, pointing to the window, asked if the notice were a true one.

"Certainly, sir," replied the girl. "Then," said the man, as he struggled with a cake, "you might lend me one of your clubs."

The Dodgers

TWO tramps met close to a village.

"What are you doing here?" asked one.

"Looking for work," was the reply.

"Then turn about at once; there's plenty to be had."

In These Hard Times

BANK MANAGER'S Wife: What a cold office! Aren't your clerks troubled by draughts?

Manager: Yes; mostly over-drafts.

MOLLY'S AIRMAN

distance, then raced home to tell the news.

A week later an invitation came from Molly asking them to go over for tea.

"Now we shall be able to tell her about seeing her airman," cried Ronny. "She will be surprised that we know him too!"

The boys arrived at the house bursting with the tale they had to tell. But almost before they could speak the girl said, "Oh, I have a parcel for you two." And she gave them a long package on which was written, "From Molly's airman."

The boys unwrapped it and found to their delight a beautiful model of an aeroplane—which actually flew round the room.



STRONGEST BOY

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